

THE SELF

You Have To

LIVE WITH



WINFRED RHOADES



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Head of Medical Clinic, Boston Dispensary.

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Johns Hopkins Hospital.

FIFTH PRINTING

"This book must result in incomparable good to those who read it thoughtfully."— *Walter Atken, D.D., D.Litt., Minister, St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

THE SELF *You Have to* LIVE WITH

By WINFRED RHOADES

A book of inspiration and beauty! Winfred Rhoades brings to the problems of daily life the approach of the modern psychologist who recognizes religion as a powerful aid to successful, courageous living. In these troubled and uncertain times many people are searching for a more complete and satisfying philosophy. There are chapters on "learning how to live"; on "turning unadjustment into adjustment"; on "the art of not worrying"; on "relaxation and power." Mr. Rhoades offers, in combining psychology with a true understanding of the meaning of religion, a challenge to all who want to achieve a joyous and well-rounded life. **THE SELF YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH** is a positive affirmation that each one of us can mould his inner self, the self he has to live with.

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THE SELF YOU HAVE
TO LIVE WITH



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THE SELF YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH

BY
WINFRED RHOADES



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FOREWORD

EVERY PERSON LIVES IN AT LEAST FOUR WORLDS. There is the physical world of earth and sky and trees and houses and all the rest of it. There is the social world of people good and bad, rich and poor, interesting and tedious, successful and unsuccessful. There is the spiritual world which enfolds and interpenetrates the physical and social worlds and gives them whatever final meaning they have. And there is a world of one's own creating which may be very different from the actuality of the physical, social, and spiritual worlds that form one's environment.

That world of one's own creating is the subject of this book.

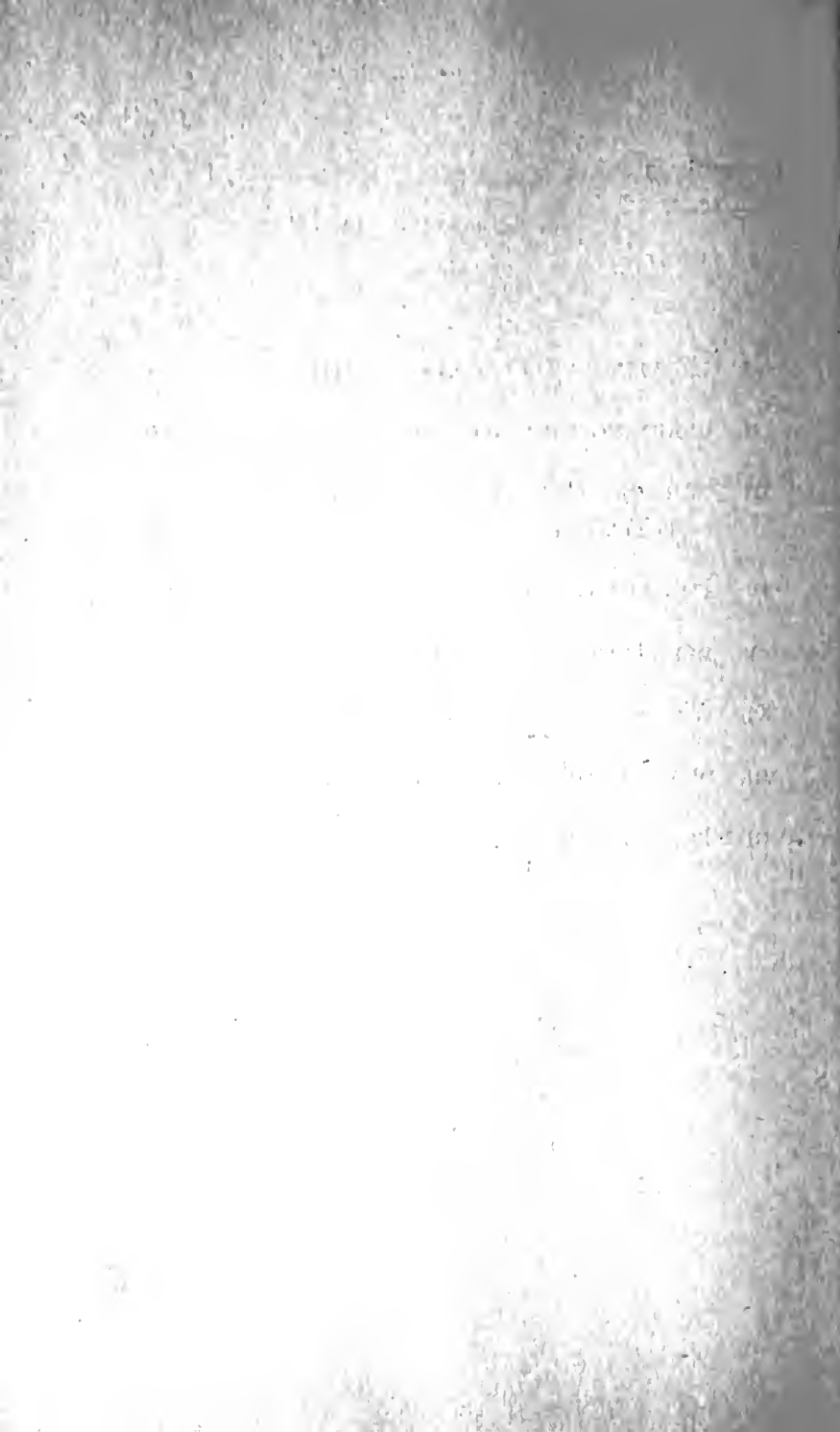
Grateful appreciation for reading the manuscript and making valued criticisms is hereby expressed to Dr. Joseph H. Pratt, Professor of Clinical Medicine at Tufts Medical School, and Chief of the Medical Clinic at the Boston Dispensary unit of the New England Medical Centre; and also to Miss Edith

R. Canterbury, head of the Social Service Department at the same institution.

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THE SELF YOU HAVE
TO LIVE WITH



Canst thou by searching find out God?
JOB 11:7

The eternal God is thy dwelling place,
And underneath are the Everlasting Arms.
DEUTERONOMY 33:27

In Him we live, and move, and have our being.
ACTS 17:28

I. CREATING A SELF TO LIVE WITH

WHEN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT AND METHOD WERE yet in their incipiency a man could believe "that lice, swallowed alive, were a sure cure for the yellow jaundice," or that there exists in the brain of a fresh-water perch a stone which is "very medicinable against the stone in the reins"—such things a man could believe and not suffer any seriously bad mental or emotional consequence. Beloved Izaak Walton could do so, that meditative and discursive soul who wrote the beautiful *Lives* as well as the *Compleat Angler*. Misbelief, warped judgment, credulousness, self-deception, quirks, whims, crotchets—things of that kind, in matters scientific, may be entirely compatible with a calm and mellow disposition and a decently good and sane sort of life.

Nevertheless it is distortion instead of truth that is held in the mind, and only when the errors are accepted because science has not yet discovered the

facts of the matter can they be clung to without some kind of harm to the personality. When misbelief, warped judgment, and all the rest exist because one has refused to accept manifest facts and has even refused to look for them the result may be very serious indeed. It may be serious not only in its effect upon one's worldly state, but also in its effect upon the health of one's mind and body, upon one's happiness, upon one's whole adventure in life.

D—— Q——, for example. Never, in all his more than a half-century of life, has he acquired the habit of looking conditions straight in the face and seeing them in the clear, sharp light of actuality. Facts have been to him something not quite facts. He has not even developed the habit of asking what *are* the facts, a good deal of the time. He has dodged evidences. He has fooled himself. He has kept his mind in a realm of unreality. Things as they are he hasn't liked: therefore he has made a practice of living as if things were not as they are. He wanted this, that, or the other, and he did his best to get what he wanted. He thereby kept himself harassed by debt. If he wasn't in debt to someone else he was

in debt to himself. Next month's stipend was spent before it was received. If some one tried to put him even with the world once more, he took pains to be uneven again in a short while. He suffers now from the result. Suffers not alone because of the problems of scanty income, but also, more seriously, by reason of the self that has developed and that he has to live with day after dreary day. His once merry and light-hearted personality has become a house of gloom, and he lives in self-torment.

I—— V——'s difficulties with the self she has to live with have a different history so far as details go, but the result is also grievous. Still less than thirty, full of loveliness and charm, already she is suffering from an inner life that tortures her. She tells of moods of extreme depression, and how they are increasing. Repeatedly in one single conversation she reverts to the word 'bitterness.' When the girls of her set were going to college she was obliged to surrender her own hopes and take a job. She felt herself inferior to her friends, and resented her lot bitterly. A brief unhappy marriage upset her young dreams still further and stirred up more of resentment and

bitterness. A later marriage, though satisfactory in matters of love and companionship, has included a renewal of financial difficulties and forced her to take a job once more, and again envy and bitterness are stirring within her: envy and bitterness because she has to work when her friends do not, because they can have and do things that are impossible to her, because they have children and she, who wistfully longs for children, can not have them. She confesses herself in cynical mood. The enthusiasms she once had are now gone, she has lost her optimism, she "can't seem to feel hopeful," and she is so hurt, so disappointed with what life has brought, that she goes around deliberately trying to hurt other people. In such ways she accuses herself.

Bitterness is not a nice word for a young woman to use with regard to her deeper life. If I—— V——'s inner self tortures her now, at the beginning of her days, it is easy to guess what it may do in after years unless she definitely and deliberately sets to work at once to construct a new and better self. Envy and jealousy and bitterness are bad materials to put into a self that is in process of creation.

Every resentment that is encouraged, every mood that is welcomed, every grudge, every animosity, every rebellion against life, every despondency, every smug conceit, every unjust self-estimate—and on the other hand every self-mastery, every high fortitude, every facing of naked truth, every ringing faith, every lovely ideal, every splendid courage: every one makes either for the breaking down of the finer self or else for its building up. Every one helps to create the self that must be lived with every hour of every day, through thick and thin, when you are twenty and fifty and ninety.

Life's supreme adventure is the adventure of living. Life's greatest achievement is the continual re-making of yourself so that at last you do know how to live. Every one of us needs re-education after years have been spent at school and college getting what was glamorously called 'an education.' We need re-education because of the false teachings and erroneous opinions that we accepted as unimpeachable facts. We need it still more because of the bad thinking habits we acquired, the mischievous emotional

reactions and ideals and pleasures we learned to love.

The psychological mechanists would have us believe that a man's *is-ness* is no more than the result of blind chemical occurrences in his physical organism. We are not self-determined, they say. What we think of as volition is merely an automatic reaction to stimuli. We do not choose between This and That. We only fancy that we do so. All is predetermined by some chemical mechanism. The body is the actor. The mind is merely its effect, as steam rises from water that is boiling.

The chemical transactions are facts. They are there, and they affect the personality. It is not, however, a case of 'nothing but.' It is a case of 'this also.'

Body and mind react one upon the other. But the state of the mind is a more critical matter for the living of life than the state of the body.

"To cease to rebel and struggle, and to learn to be content with part of a loaf when one can not have a whole loaf, though a hard lesson to learn, is good philosophy for the tuberculous invalid, and to his astonishment he often finds that what he considers the half-loaf, when acquiesced in, proves most satisfying." When Dr. Trudeau wrote thus he set forth

a philosophy of life which is good also for people who are not tuberculous invalids. And he said only what he had himself learned in the school of experience. By accepting the difficulty life imposed upon him—the disease that appeared to be ending his career when it was just beginning—and by then making his mind, soul, and spirit rise superior to the state of his body, he turned himself into one of the notable creative workers of his day and one of the signal benefactors of suffering and struggling humanity. ‘Acquiescence’ was his great word. “It took me a long time to learn, imperfectly though it be, that acquiescence is the only way for the tuberculous invalid to conquer his fate,” he wrote. The word is worth fixing in the mind.

In dark little tenements, on hard-scrabble farms, in plodding offices, on city streets doing queer odd jobs, and among people whose lives have been turned topsy-turvy by adverse fortune, one can find the working out of that same philosophy of life. “Sometimes I think that I am glad that I have had my trials and change in method of living for I have gained in peace of mind, understanding and tolerance of others,” said the writer of a letter which came to

hand one day. Brought up in luxury, with servants to do the work and a saddle horse to ride, that woman now has to be sometimes supplied even with car fares to visit a public clinic. But she is learning that the self one develops inwardly is of greater importance for the living of a happy life than the fortune one has outwardly. She is learning that it is the self one builds up that determines whether one shall be the victim of life or a conqueror in life, and to a great extent determines also whether one shall live in sickness or in health.

The doctor who succeeds in removing symptoms of high blood pressure or arthritic hands has of course done something. But he has not done enough if he leaves his patient still enslaved to an unhealthy emotional habit, or with his mental processes so twisted that he can not deal with the problems of daily life in reasonable fashion. Mental self-command, the habit of constructive thought-direction—these are more important, for the happiness and wholesomeness of life, than physical soundness. But they are also aids to physical soundness.

What is called nervousness is essentially a state of

mind. A good deal of what appears as physical disorder is also primarily a state of mind. In that case it can be mastered by a change of mind—by the cultivation of new and better thought-habits and emotion-habits: just as Dr. Trudeau and others of the great host of spiritual victors in life made themselves by force of mind and spirit rise superior to the ills that struck at them and would fain have wrecked their lives.

The issue that underlies all of this has to do with the quality of thought. When you go to a shop to make some purchase you want to know whether the dress material is of a quality that will wear well, whether the foodstuff is of good quality, whether the engine of the car is of a quality that will stand up to the strain to which it will be subjected. To these things you give consideration if you are spending money.

Are you equally wise with regard to the quality of your thoughts?

Are they of a quality that will mix well with the facts of life? What results will they produce when

you come bump up against the ideas and moods and dispositions and personalities of the people with whom you have to mingle? What effect will they have when you must look the grim needs of your own life straight in the face? Will they lead to failure or to success? Will they make you weaker or stronger for the long-drawn-out struggle? Do they tend to sickness or to health? Are they of the kind that tears down, or of the kind that builds up? Will they make you in the long run a failure or a hero, a victim of life or a master in life?

And the emotional energy with which your thoughts are linked up and empowered—is it of the kind that leads to devastation inwardly, or is it creative and constructive in its tendency? Does it exhaust itself in mere sentimental enjoyment of a feeling-state, or does it drive you on to action that is courageous and aspiring and that will keep you still progressing all through life?

The drifter lets himself think any old thought that turns up in his head, and yields himself to any emotion that comes along. The man who is set for the building up of a self that he can live with in

some kind of comfort and with hope of continued improvement chooses deliberately whether he will let himself think this, that, or the other, and what kind of feeling he will feel. He decides that he will not permit himself to dwell upon resentments, animosities, fault-findings, dislikes, thwartings, disappointments, aches, pains, and miseries in general, but that he will give himself over to big thoughts, thoughts that amplify and greatnessen the personality. He chooses and cultivates emancipating emotions and rejects those that turn the inner life into a bedlam torment.

Aspiration molds the soul in a better way than dislike. Appreciation is more creative than aversion. Thoughts of admiration and high desire, emotions that are courageous and inspiriting—it is by these that we are made to grow into more abundant and truer life, a more harmonious inner state and a more stalwart personality.

Here is a parcel of ground. It is not precisely the same to-day as it was yesterday. It is by no means the same as when it was bought twenty-five years

ago. Every drop of rain that has fallen, every wind that has blown, every bit of sunshine that has penetrated it and also every bit of frost, every foot that has trodden it, every worm that has burrowed into it, every bit of work that has been done upon it, every seed that has fallen into it, every crop that has been grown, every crop that has *not* been grown—everything that has happened to it has left a mark of some kind. That mark was either for its enriching and beautifying or for its impoverishment and uglification.

So is it with the self. A self is not something one is endowed with at birth, as one is endowed with legs or lungs or liver or heart. It is something that is being continually created as the day-by-day life is lived. Whether that self shall be vapid or virile, barren or productive, a source of misery or a source of power, depends upon the interests that are cultivated, the thoughts that are permitted, the ideas and ideals that are laid hold on, the reactions that are enjoyed and therefore encouraged.

Make a picture of the kind of person you want to be, and hold it in your mind continually. Vision

yourself as one who is fair-minded, self-possessed when others are excited, not given to anger or complaint but an encourager and helper of other struggling souls; conceive yourself as a person who sees small things as small and really big things as really big, who can stand pin-pricks and also hurts that are more serious and make small reckoning of them; see yourself as a person whom it is easy to live with, and who none the less is striving always toward the better things of life. Add on, as time passes, the vision of other fine qualities that you want to possess; for the self must be kept always in a state of growth, and no person must ever let himself become satisfied with what he now is. As your picture becomes greater during the passing years and you have the habit of living with it in your mind all the while, your 'self' will increase in value and loveliness, and your life will come to satisfactions that it did not know in earlier and cruder days.

If you are a victim of physical frailty your unceasing task is to keep yourself vigilantly and valiantly free from invalid modes of thought, invalid tricks of speech, invalid tones of voice, and the invalid vice of

self-centeredness. If you are obliged to live a restricted and narrowed life, none the less must you do whatever you have power to do, and do it with appetite. You must do this for the sake of the self you are building, as well as for the sake of the people with whom you live.

Then, if physical powers return, you have new tasks. The life that has been protected and cushioned must be led out into normal, everyday relations with a heedless and rough world. The habit of dependence must be exchanged for a new self-reliance and self-care. Thoughts of doubt and fear must be replaced by courage and confidence and resoluteness. The experience of suffering must be made to yield the fruit of new wisdom and new competency. With firmness and with steadfastness must these things be done. "How can I, with what powers I now have, make the largest possible accomplishment and not let myself fall again into the old pit?"—questions such as that must be asked.

The soul that so lifts itself up achieves the very essence of victory. Frustration it has known, but never has it given itself over to defeat.

The person who wants for his inner companion a self that has poise and strength and loveliness and adventurous aspiration and spiritual potency cultivates the habit of communing with bigness and strength. He keeps under his hand some book that stimulates the mind and soul to greatness, and feeds himself upon it daily. He takes pains to put himself in the way of emotions that are liberating and greatening, and invites them to take up their abode within him. He develops strong desire for greatness of the inner man, and makes that desire for bigness of soul the passion of his life. He teaches himself to walk his daily walk in companionship with the everlasting Spirit of truth, and seeks continually to be led into deeper knowledge of the truth. He makes growth, and still more growth, the desire of his heart as long as he lives. He unites himself with the creative Soul of the universe, and with that Soul he pursues an onward way through thick and thin.

II. LEARNING HOW TO LIVE

“LIFE WOULDN’T LET ME STAY IN RUTS,” SAID A man who was reviewing his past. “Every time I got established in some way that I loved, and that I wanted to continue in, life jolted me out of it. I wanted to get a few dear belongings round about me, and plant myself in some plain community, and give myself to a special work that would be associated with me, and stay there, and I wasn’t permitted to. I don’t like to uproot myself and move, and I have had to do so time after time. Again and again when success seemed to be mine, or about to be mine, it was dashed out of my hand. I love things of beauty and long for them, and the only treasures I have been allowed to accumulate and live with are those of the mind and heart. No doubt I have developed ruts enough as it is, ruts of habit and of thought; but anyway life has kept me from being entirely given over to ruts.”

And that—it is the very gist of life: that veto of the desire to settle down in tranquillity, that drive to new adventure always, new experiment with other possibilities, new creative effort in new fields, new achievement continually. A person is really alive only when he is moving forward to something more; only when he is all the while not merely new-creating the cells and tissues which make up the physical body, but also revising, improving, developing, and increasing the mental and spiritual qualities which stand for the very essence of what it means to live as a man or woman.

The person who desires to make the great adventure of life lead to the consummations of health and happiness and achievement that are possible must watch his ruts unceasingly. The ruts of conduct and habit must be watched. The ruts of thought and emotion must be watched most of all. When the mind gets into the way of going round and round in a small circle of thought and of emotional reaction, like a toy train on a toy track or like a squirrel in its cage, endlessly and tiresomely round and round in the same small circle, coming back every few

moments to the place from which it started, that is the way to disaster. The disaster may be a perverted and hampering attitude to life. It may be a definite physical or mental malady. It may be all of those things.

"What do you think of when you are alone by yourself?" a worker in psychotherapy asked his patients one after another. "I think about myself," said one individual quite frankly, and meant that she spent her time thinking about her troubles. The troubles were heavy indeed, but by keeping her mind fixed upon them the woman was reducing her daily existence to a daily misery and inviting definite mental disorder. "The childhood treatment has upset me all my life," said another who had just told a sad tale; and showed, by the statement, that she had never fully pulled herself away from childhood, but had permitted herself to live, all through the years of supposed maturity, still in a state of infantilism. "Yes, I am the worrying kind," said a third, recognizing her habit but not recognizing how that habit was creating the distresses for whose cure she thought she needed a medicine bottle or some kind of electrical treatment.

There has been a good bit of talk about the help certain doctors have given to people by the correction of bad habits of muscular tension and of posture. But bad thought-habits and bad emotion-habits—until recently little attention has been given to those. Yet thought-habits and emotion-habits would seem to be fundamental. What though you have collected charming furnishings to make your home a pleasing place to live in, if you have not taken pains to collect thought-habits and emotion-habits to make your mind and soul pleasing companions to live with? Surrounded by your lovely household goods you can suffer pitifully from your habit of thinking incessantly how miserable and unhappy you are, and that your load is heavier than you ought to be asked to carry.

Thought-habits and emotion-habits are a matter of training just as other arts are a matter of training.

A man can learn to walk marvelously on a loose wire stretched high above the heads of the spectators, and even to dance on it. How? By concentrating his attention on certain muscular reactions and other

delicate feelings, and by practising his art for years upon years. Practice, practice, practice!

A blind man can learn to tell the size and shape of a room the moment he enters it, and his distance from the wall, without putting his hands on any portion of it. How? By paying attention to slight effects upon his ears and skin, and practising that attention continually.

A person who has reached the age of eighty can learn a new language, as the mother of Katherine Lee Bates learned Spanish. How? By cultivating intense desire first of all, and then by applying the mind with concentration to the making of new mental habits. First the encouragement of desire, and then devoted practice.

Michelangelo made one of the most famous statues in the world out of a block of marble that had been spoiled in the quarrying. And how did he accomplish it? First by visioning, with his mind's eye, how he could pose a colossal David in the limitations which that block of marble imposed, and then by chipping off a little here, a little there, day after day, month after month, until the heroic figure

stood forth in grandeur. That is, by steadfastly putting into practice the ideas that were in his head and the skill that was in his fingers.

If men and women can teach themselves to do difficult things like those, the rest of us, working in the realm of selfhood, can teach ourselves to do difficult and needed things with our personalities.

When, at the age of twenty-seven, a young man succeeded two elderly men in the pastorate of a city church which had a certain rather special standing in its community, the old ladies at the residence hotel where he lived would look at him quizzically across the table and say: "So you're the new pastor of the — Church?" He would acknowledge the accusation. "Well," one of them would then remark, "it seems to me that you're a very young man to be in such a place as that!" The young man would answer that *that* was a fault he was sure he could outgrow if they would give him time. He ought to have said more. He ought to have said that in order to emancipate himself from juvenility he would make use not only of time, but also of specific disciplines which would keep his mind and soul continually growing.

The principle is of large application. Let time be given, and if you have the will to do so, and will study how to do so, you can grow beyond and out of the warps that distorted your beginning personality, the harshness of your early ways, the crudeness of your youthful judgments, the habits of crooked thinking that have hampered your development, the ill-advised emotional reactions that have brought so much suffering into your life.

A woman went to a well-known medical clinic suffering acutely from asthma. The doctors gave her a thorough examination and decided that physical treatment could do little for her. If she was to get well it must be by a re-making of herself in the matter of thought-habits and emotion-habits. The personality worker therefore took her in hand in order to discover what lay back of her physical symptoms. Into his ears she unfolded a story of a lifetime of emotional unadjustment. She came from an emotional family, and every reference to her childhood indicated dissatisfaction and resentment. Her early married life had led her into other emotional disturbances. "I am the product of my environment,"

she said. And she did not know how to change that product of environment.

After talking with the personality worker, and telling him all the things she had been hugging to herself, she felt relieved. Then, when she had undertaken some specific reading with regard to the reconstruction of reaction-habits, and had joined herself to a group that was meeting weekly for help by means of psychotherapy, she found herself a few weeks later so definitely started upon a new kind of life that she requested permission to tell her experience to the rest of the gathering.

A striking tale it was. For years she had supposed that her asthma was due to dust sensitivity. The study she had just undertaken had convinced her that the chief source of trouble was an emotional imbalance, and as a consequence she had set out to discover what specific thing was causing it. Was it her husband? No, she was satisfied with him. Was it her mother? No, that was not the root of the difficulty. Was it the youngest child? Again, no. Was it the next child? Once more, no. Was it the oldest child? There! she had it. That boy of six. He had

had a hard time staying in the world when an infant and for that reason had been humored until he was now a despot in the house; she was actually afraid of him, and when matters came to an issue between them she would become hysterical and then choke up with asthma until she couldn't breathe. As soon as the cause became plain Mrs. S—— changed her emotional reaction and also her method with the child, and, she said, "I overcame my asthma in twenty-four hours." "Six weeks ago," she said, "I didn't care what happened or how I looked, but to-day I feel as if I could lick the world! For six months I had been sick and all I got out of it was pain; now I feel fine and think I can solve my problems alone. I have re-made my whole life in six weeks."

Mrs. S—— did just the thing that needs to be done by any one who desires to lift himself up out of nervous disorder. First of all try to find the reason for the emotional imbalance: the thing that prompts you to react as you do. Then ask yourself what you can do to change conditions. More particularly, and more importantly, ask what changes are needed in

yourself in order that you may stand up to conditions, whatever they shall be. Ask yourself what it is that you really want to do and to be, and whether you ought to raise the level of your desire, and what new and better desire will lead you to a more wholesome kind of life.

By conscious thought-direction and emotion-training you can improve your whole reaction to life. It will take you more than six weeks to complete the job, but you can make a beginning of it even in twenty-four hours.

Life is hard. It abounds in uncertainties. Sickness has to be experienced. Pains have to be endured. Setbacks blight our hopes. Tricks of fortune prevent the fulfillment of our dear desires. People are difficult to get along with. Ingratitude stings like a nettle. Poverty looms up, a threatening terror. Problems are staggering. Husbands or wives or children prove to be a disappointment. And the soul quails under the strain of life.

But what is it that really matters? Not the hardness you have to endure, but the personality you develop, the kind of response to both the problems

and the joys of life that becomes yours characteristically, the richness and vividness of spirit that you learn to manifest habitually, the wisdom you attain to, the qualities of mind and character that the mention of your name brings to mind immediately, the effect you have upon the people who have dealings with you, the value you attain to as a soul.

Thoughts and emotions that are good to live with can be picked out just as consciously and deliberately as old china is gathered together, or quaint foreign silver, or oriental rugs, or delightful books, or precious jewels. To an institution where many sick people were assembled, and where on all sides drab faces and drab garments were to be seen, came a patient who would not let herself be drab. She wished to collect, and to display wherever she was seen, emotions and thoughts of a more inspiring kind. The rose-color in which she dressed herself was a symbol. Probably not consciously for the reasons just given, but because it was the characteristic expression of her spirit, she came among the other patients in a rose-colored gown, and she arrayed her mind every day in rose-color also.

You can choose your spiritual color for the day as you choose the color of your dress—or, if you are a man, of your necktie. You can consciously pick and choose the thoughts with which you will live, and which are going to determine the color you present to the world and to yourself. You can not altogether determine what shall be put before your mind in the course of a day; but it is part of every person's business in life to determine what shall stay in his mind, and to decide that only that shall stay which makes his life advance definitely to something larger and finer.

Every man has a kingdom. Your kingdom is your own inner being, the kingdom of mind and soul. You can fill that kingdom with thoughts and emotions which fight with one another and with your finer self, or with thoughts and emotions which work together for the fulfillment of your greater possibilities. You can call into it dwellers which will in course of time drive the nobler 'I,' the desired self, out of its sovereign place and shut it up in horrid dungeons and stretch it upon racks of dreadful torture; or you can call into it dwellers that will work together day in and day out to build up health and

sanity and inward joy and a kind of life that becomes ever more satisfying.

“The most painful thing I have ever had to deal with is myself,” said a man. He may have been indulging to some extent in the hyperbole of discouragement, but probably he spoke pretty nearly the simple truth. Though life had forced him to have dealings with grief and sickness, with the batterings of fortune and a pittance of money, with discouragements, with setbacks one after another, and with people who hurt his sensibilities; and though these dealings had brought into his experience much and long-continued distress of various kinds, yet his greater distress had come from his difficulties and dissatisfactions with himself. Pestiferous tempers, moods, humors, emotional tones, habits of the mind, tendencies of the spirit—arrogance, fault-finding, rigidity, conceit, pride: such things as those, after many years of struggle to send them packing and to put in their place things of beauty and power, were still lurking within him in their old ugliness and ready at a moment’s notice to show themselves still vicious with their old viciousness.

But the situation is not hopeless. The struggle with this obstinate human nature of ours is hard; yet as the vision of something better is pursued that vision becomes ever more clear, and as longing for it grows it becomes ever more commanding and has ever greater transforming power.

Our personalities are made to be what at last they become by the thoughts we invite, the emotions we choose to cultivate. It is not, however, the substance of thought that is alone of importance. Is that thought thoroughgoing and complete? Or is it slipshod, unfinished, distorted, and merely sketchy?

If you want to put your finger on one chief cause of human mistake and misery just consider how much there is in the world of unfinished thinking. Just that. Unfinished thinking, slipshod thinking, and then the general miseries of society and the individual miseries of all of us. Not all of them, obviously, but many more of them than is generally recognized.

You think so far and stop. You stop with the thought of what you are, and do not lift up your courage by thinking of the greater and finer thing

you may become. You stop with the thought of self-pity, and do not carry on to the thought of making a hero out of yourself in your own humble sphere. You stop with the thought of despair, and do not spur yourself on with the thought of how men have again and again pulled victory out of despair. You stop with your wish, and do not think of all that is involved in getting what you wish for. You stop with your hatred, and do not consider the baleful effect of hatred. You stop at one possibility or one satisfaction, and do not go on to think of others.

Finished thinking involves pressing on past the easy stopping-places and taking the mind to the probabilities and possibilities that lie farther along. It involves thinking as nearly as possible the entire length of the line from end to end, thinking from outside to inside and from inside back again to outside. It includes hindsight, foresight, and insight, all three; for hindsight lays hold on what the past has taught, foresight looks for immediate consequences and the desirable ultimates, and insight gives heed to the values of life.

Finished thinking therefore involves asking ques-

tions. What will be the result if this proposed plan is carried out? On the other hand, what will come to pass if it is not carried out? What reasons have I for accepting this and rejecting that? What is to be said on the other side? Shall I be glad or sorry if I adopt this course of action? Suppose this happens, and not that, what openings will life still have for me? What is the best adaptation I can make to the peculiar terms of this situation? What kind of action will have constructive effect in my affairs and upon my personality, and make the end in some real way better than the beginning? What are the greater and truer values anyway, and what should I be aiming at and working toward?

Questions such as those you ask. Then, having asked them sincerely and thought them through carefully, you begin that re-making of yourself which is needed.

To direct life in this way is to direct it creatively. It is also to pay a price. The idealist is bound to suffer. The pain of the ideal is a fact just as much as the glory of the ideal. It is the pain that comes from

having to see so much that falls short of the ideal every day and everywhere, and from such grievous falling short of the ideal in oneself. He who lives with a passion for the ideal lives with pain. But it is a noble pain. It is the pain of splendid aspiration which, unsatisfied, is always pressing for satisfaction. It is the pain of the ever-receding goal. You hasten your steps, you press on with toil and labor and hunger and thirst, and the mountain which from afar looked so low and easy shows itself higher and still more high the closer you come to its sturdy challenge. But here is something to remember. You are nearer to it than you were at first! You are mounting its slopes! You are rising into clearer air! Your eyes are commanding more glorious views! The climbing is hard, but you are making progress toward your heart's desire!

And that is a law. One's life moves toward that which one thinks about and desires.

In bringing about the betterment of life intention is one of the chief factors. If you wish health you must think health and intend health. Then even if you have still to suffer from incurable ills you can

develop a healthy spirit. And that is the greater thing. In a similar way if you wish your personality to have essential bigness you must learn to think the most spacious and great-hearted and pregnant thoughts you can lay hold on, and must stand fast at all times to the purpose of increasing the bigness of your nature and the richness of its outward expression.

Lay hold on something above you, and pull on that, and you can raise yourself up out of the place in which you now are. Each one of us needs some kind of contact, either by personal touch or through a writing or a report, with those men and women who make life a nobler experience than most of their fellows have succeeded in making it: those men and women who help our minds to new and braver vision, who lead us to aspire, who open up new possibilities to our souls and thereby make the prospect of life something finer than it has been.

When one reads the great books of a former age one is repeatedly surprised—at any rate I am—to find how modern they are in some of their conceptions. We talk about the recent psychological development

and flatter ourselves that some new thing has been brought to the earth; but even in that realm many of the ideas that we regard as our important new discoveries may be found in books all down through the ages. The pity is that people have been so indifferent about putting them in practice, and have inflicted upon themselves so many ills in consequence. Plato, as far back as four hundred years before Christ, talked about the importance of "holding converse with the divine order," and said that the man who does so "becomes orderly and divine, as far as the nature of man allows," and that thus the soul learns to array herself "in her own proper jewels, temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth," and becomes thereby ready for her great journey. When Saint Paul gave his sovereign list so like to that of Plato, and told his friends to keep their minds fixed upon "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are gracious," he spoke like a psychologist of insight as well as a profound religionist. And when Jesus Christ gave

voice to the unsurpassed ideals of the Sermon on the Mount he set forth not only a majestic form of religion from beginning to end but also a thoroughly sound psychology.

III. TURNING UNADJUSTMENT INTO ADJUSTMENT

THE PERSON WHO FEELS ALL OUT OF ADJUSTMENT with the world is not a solitary sufferer. There are others. There are many others.

The man who has never found the place that belongs to him, the place he could fill if he could get the chance, who time after time has experienced some stroke of misfortune, some ill hap, some accident of fate, that has pushed him out just when he seemed about to get in: he is only one of a company.

The man who has splendid desires and yet sees his way always blocked, who has given himself to high endeavors only to find his efforts vain and himself unwanted, who has been shunted off to some unimportant sidetrack when he longs to be out in the thick of life and to make his powers count for something of real value: that man suffers some of life's painfulest pain; but he suffers only what countless others have suffered.

Perhaps that is to be his lot: he can never come to his place in the world, the place in which he could show what he is good for, but must stand aside and see some man or woman of less ability, but with better luck, half-fill a place that he knows he could more adequately fill. Perhaps, on the other hand, he is one of the men who could not fill the better place even if it were offered, but must always, because of some quirk in his make-up, be a square peg in a round hole, never quite fitting, never really needed or wanted.

Even so there is something he can do. There are still ways in which he can show what he is good for. He can say: "I will take the hard experience that is mine, and turn it in some wise to good account. I will walk my disappointed way in such fashion that when others look back upon it after I am gone they shall see it not as the walk of failure, but as the walk of a soul which refused to give up even after thwartings oft repeated." He can say: "I will not yield myself to despair. I will endeavor to learn what life would teach me. I will study the art of adjustment, so as to make myself of as much use as possible in

the world and so as to fit in as well as possible. I will make myself responsive, accommodating, useful, and as interesting as may be; and if I can not do even that in any commanding way I will do it in what small ways are open to me." So he can live not ignobly among his fellows.

One of Descartes' fine passages, in his *Discourse on Method*, is that in which he picks out for praise certain men who had been "so entirely convinced that nothing was at their disposal except their own thoughts" that they had made themselves "rise superior to the influence of fortune, and, amid suffering and poverty, enjoy a happiness which their gods might have envied."

The thought should be absorbed and assimilated.

It is in each man's power to choose how he will take what life brings.

When Dr. T.— was disastrously crippled in a painful accident he might have given himself over to vain rebellion, abandoned his professional life, and settled down to drag out an unhappy existence crushed by the torture of unsatisfied ambition. He did none of those things. He lifted himself up to the standard set by Descartes. He adjusted himself to

the conditions under which he had now to work, and then went at the creative task of developing himself for living even more adequately than before. He continued his professional career and filled it with devoted and generous service, he fed his mind day by day upon the greatening thoughts that make a personality grow, and he reached out persistently after the better things that life offers.

Adjustment to the conditions of life is one chief secret of success as well as of happiness, and to no small extent the secret of health. And adjustment is accomplished by the exercise of intelligent choice: choice of what shall be thought and felt in a given situation, and of what response shall be made to the challenge it sends forth.

There is more than one kind of success. And the greatest success of all is the success of the spirit that keeps itself undefeated and still aspiring whether life is easy or hard, successful or unsuccessful, happy or unhappy.

Every one of us has to keep on adjusting himself to the turns of fate, and then readjusting himself, as long as life lasts.

Adjustment calls for certain definite acts.

First it calls for acceptance of conditions as they are.

Then it calls for looking those conditions straight in the face, squarely and honestly, in order to see just what possibilities underlie them.

Next it calls for the effort to find out what constructive, purposeful action can be taken with regard to those conditions and the possibilities they allow, to the end that some satisfying result shall be brought forth.

And after that it calls for going ahead sturdily and persistently to work out the plan that has been made.

Facts must not be evaded. Evasion of facts is perilous. The things to be afraid of are fictions: the fictions of one's own ignorant and uncritical imagination, and the fictions of the imaginations of other people. The conscious mind must be used clearly, reasonably, constructively; and that must be made the habit of life.

Two things more are of importance for the needed adjustment to life and its conditions.

Here is one of them. The habit of appreciation.

Appreciation must be built up day by day, bit by bit, always toward some deeper insight, some new largeness, some greater loveliness, and life must be lived under its creative inspiration. The tendency to disparagement comes without effort to most of us. But appreciation!—how many things we pass by every day in which we might find loveliness and goodness and rich value if we would but train ourselves to observe and to admire. The cultivation of appreciation is one further necessity for making adjustment to life.

And here is yet one more. A picture of oneself as a person who is no longer the victim of conditions, but is become the master of his own selfhood. Breadth of outlook, clearness of insight, absolute honesty toward oneself and also toward others, fairness in judgment, self-possession at all times, poise under all conditions, graciousness of demeanor, magnanimity (that splendid word!), an understanding spirit toward all with whom one has to deal: these are some of the items that belong in such a picture. Hold before the eyes of your mind unsleepingly a stimulating image of the kind of person you want to

be, and your whole response to life will improve, and little by little you will find your unadjustment changing into adjustment.

Unwelcome and unpleasant conditions have to be dealt with every day. Frequently the conditions themselves can not be changed. All one can do is to change one's way of meeting them and reacting to them. But that is precisely what adjustment to life is.

Every one of us is a heterogeneous jumble of instincts, impulses, sentiments, ambitions, failures, immortal longings and mortal disappointments. If a happy, healthy, progressive, successful life is to be achieved, it must be done by bringing that miscellany of tendencies and interests and desires into working harmony inwardly, and also into constructive relations with the facts of life outwardly.

Adjustment to the world and its demands, to the conditions of labor, to the family muddle and clash of temperaments, to one's own particular physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual hodgepodge—adjustment to prosperity or poverty, to success or failure, to health or sickness, to the ups and downs of experience of whatever kind each as it comes along—

adjustment to the background of unfathomable mystery with which the mind has to deal, and to the innate yearnings of the ever-hungry spirit—adjustment to the law of struggle as the law of life and to the impossibility of ever being free from its requirements: until these are accomplished life can be only a chaos and malady.

A man who was living in an old wooden tenement, alone in a bare upstairs room or two, with few of the things that people look to for satisfaction, was talking to a worker with whom he had had some dealings at a public clinic. "I want to tell you one thing," he said: "when you get control of your faculties the question of riches and poverty is of small account." And he went cheerfully on his way.

Even if it is the plodder's life that you have to live you can remember that it is, after all, the plodders who keep the world going on and hold it steady.

For the rank and file of us it must be conceived that we make ourselves count in the world if we bear ourselves courageously, think and speak honorably, and lay the emphasis of our living upon those activities of hand and mind and heart and spirit which

have permanence. Life is a challenge to work out success as a *self*, a *personality*, quite without regard to the kind of fortune that dogs our steps. One of the most mischievous habits in which man or woman can indulge is the habit of feeling sorry for oneself. That upsets one's whole life: one's relations with oneself and with other people, one's judgment, one's commonsense, one's mental wholesomeness. It spoils one's happiness, spoils the happiness of those with whom one lives, and has a wasting effect even upon one's physical health.

There is a reflexive value in acting as if you were happy and full of courage even if you are feeling discouraged and unhappy. Consent to your discouragement, and you tend to fix the habit of failure upon yourself. But press on gallantly and you are at any rate not a failure in the realm of spirit. It is no valid excuse to say: "Well, I know I am this or this, but that is the way I was made." The answer is: "There is just the trouble: you have never made it your business to improve on the way you were made." Let a man find *something* that he can do, even if it is no more than cleaning windows and doorknobs, and

then do that with all his might. Many a person in a lowly place is making a man of himself day by day and proving himself an honorable consumer of the food he eats.

Most people drift in the matter of personality. They let themselves happen. They do not aim at the conscious development of qualities that will enable them to meet the challenge of life with wisdom and strength, and to make the adjustments that are continually called for. They do not consider what kind of world they are building for themselves by means of their daily habits of thought and speech and emotional response, and by their failure to make the needed adjustments. They let themselves think and speak and feel purely by the impulse of the moment.

When N—— S—— had it brought to her attention that her unhappiness and ill health, and the tribulations of her home life, were in large part due to her own reaction—habits she began forthwith to mend her ways. Her own vivid telling of her tale will make her stand out graphically even from the printed page. "I was a miserable person to live with," she says when telling of her past and her present. "If

I saw any dirt in the house, I just went crazy. If I didn't have the table all set and supper ready when my husband came home at night, I would yell and screech and have an argument with him. Just the fact that he was there waiting got me panicky. I had a hot temper. I was living my whole life antagonistically. I exaggerated little things. I had seven years of sickness. I thought I had heart trouble, a leaking valve. A doctor once told me so. I know now that my heart is all right, and it was just my nerves that made me feel that way. I wanted to be perfect myself, and to have every one around me perfect, and that kept me all stirred up. Now I let other people live their life, and I live mine. I began to realize it wasn't the world that was wrong, but me. Now I'm a new person altogether. I'm healthier than ever before in my life, and happier. In the old days I didn't ever relax, even in my sleep. Now I don't bustle around as I used to, and I get the same amount of work done, and don't get tired as I did then. I used to have thirty-nine dollars a week and worried; now I have eleven dollars a week and don't worry. Worry isn't dragging down my life now, and my husband and children have changed. When my husband came

home after a single drink, and perhaps fighting against the craving, I would smell it and visualize the coming days, and get excited, and use harsh words, and drive him to a spree instead of helping him in his battle. Now when he comes home after a drink I have a terrible inward fight but say nothing; then I get control of myself and become calm. I know I've got a good husband, as husbands go. My own attitude toward everything is different. Learning it is just like new life to me."

N—— S—— helped herself by taking resolute hold of her habits of thought and feeling, and intelligently adjusting herself to the conditions and facts she had to deal with every day.

The case was similar with N—— T——. She had become physically helpless, so that she could not even go downstairs except by sitting along from step to step. She had been carried into the city hospital on a stretcher, and out again on a stretcher six weeks later. At times she even had to have somebody feed her, dress her, and put her to bed. Some one told her that rheumatism might go to the heart, and therefore when some little stomach upset brought on a pain in the cardiac region she misunderstood its na-

ture and added new fears to those with which she was already living.

That was the state of affairs, summed up from her own words, before N—— T—— began to learn that by adjusting oneself to the facts of life, and correcting erroneous thought-habits and emotional reactions, it is possible to build up happiness and health where pain and misery have held sway. When she appears now in a group of people she is one of the heartiest and most vigorous and most radiantly happy. "Dr. Q—— didn't give me medicine, and he didn't give me treatments; he just taught me to stand on my feet and fight my own battles." So she accounts for her present renewal of life.

What was it that lay back of N—— T——'s years of sickness? There were five boys to be fed and clothed. Mr. T—— had lost his good job and was drinking. It had been necessary to move from a pleasant house to one that Mrs. T—— was somewhat ashamed of. An unskillful charity agent had stirred up her resentment. When the landlord and other collectors came to the door there was no money with which to pay them. Mrs. T—— was living in

a mood of rebellion against life. She was thinking she couldn't stand it any longer. She wanted to run away from the struggle that the living of life imposed. The unreconciled and unadjusted state of her mind expressed itself physically in the form of muscular weakness and severe pain when she tried to move.

At the medical center where she finally turned up N—— T—— was not treated by means of nostrums and doses. "Dr. Q—— told me I had no arthritis, and that all my symptoms were due to nervousness," she says. "I expected sympathy, but I got none. I got something better. I got courage. That is what has put me where I am to-day,—courage! Without courage you can't do a single thing. I cried three long years, and I cried alone; but from now on I'm going to smile all the time. If you smile, it don't cost you nothing."

"What did you you *do*?" asked one of the group to whom she was telling her story. "Did you rest, diet, go outdoors, or what?"

N—— T—— led the emphasis away from such things. "You do it from the inside," she said. "I was

bound I'd walk somehow; if I couldn't walk on my feet, I'd walk on my knees." Therefore she forced herself to practice walking. She drove herself to tasks both indoors and out, in spite of pain. She made a point of sitting down and systematically working at her finger joints. But primarily and fundamentally she cultivated more constructive ways of thinking of her problems and of reacting to their challenge. She consulted some of the best doctors that could be found, and when told that she had no arthritis but that her symptoms were the physical expression of her mental and emotional state she at once began to lift up her conscious life to a higher plane than before and by so doing lifted up her subconscious life also. She refused to let inner conflict any longer make her its victim and bring her life to disaster. She deliberately put her emotional accent upon those things which make for wholesome, sane, happy, constructive, progressive life, and, with a splendid 'in spite of' in her heart if not on her lips, set out to bring good fortune out of ill fortune. The result is a more masterful, more virile, healthier, happier, more satisfying, more profitable kind of life than she had ever lived before.

That is the way with those who learn to turn unadjustment into adjustment. Not of the emptiness of life do they take account, but of its fullness. If not healthy of body, they will at any rate be healthy-minded. If not favored of fortune, they will nevertheless favor the world with a valiant spirit. If there is a bitter dose to be swallowed they toss it off handsomely and no wry face. It is their high resolve to give to their fellow strugglers in life courage and not faintness, hope and not despair, health of soul and not sickness. No uniforms proclaim their enlistment in the army of High Hearts. They wear no badge but the badge of a cheerful countenance. Whether or not put into words their motto is in substance the one quoted also in another chapter: "There is a way out, and I have set myself to find it; if I die, I will die fighting." Unaffectedly and steadfastly they live a life that is in its nature symphonic: seeking harmony with the universe for themselves, and making existence more glad and more courageous for those who have touch with them.

What is it that every individual wants? He wants to feel satisfaction with life as an experience and

with himself as a personality. Those satisfactions can never come while the inner self is a veritable fracas and Donnybrook Fair, a state of brabblement that never gives the spirit rest day or night. Emotion must be brought into accord with reason. Harmony must be established between the thoughts and desires and efforts of the conscious mind, and the thoughts and desires and efforts of the subconscious portion of the mind, and must be established on levels that make for wholesomeness alike of thinking, of feeling, and of living. The subconscious mind is, after all, your own mind, as Dr. Morton Prince has remarked. The effect it has upon your life is the effect you yourself permit.

The point this book is trying to make is that it is possible to build for oneself a world of thought and emotion which shall be a good world, even though the world of outward experience is one of frustration and struggle and disappointment and pain.

Phobias which make the living of life a torment, blindnesses and deafnesses which are wholly psychic

in their origin, split personalities, functional paralyses that take away the power of living usefully and happily: these are extremes which illustrate what can come to pass when the inner being is a clashing disharmony. Digestive troubles, nervous disorders of the heart, intestinal pains, vomiting, emaciation, urinary disturbances, coughs, loss of voice, insomnia, headaches, chronic fatigue: here are a few of the more common ills whose appearance can be due entirely to the world of woeful thought-habits and emotion-habits which an individual has built up for himself and chosen to live in. Having built a distressing world he becomes the suffering victim of his own handiwork.

Who are the undefeated? Not necessarily those who reach their soul's desire before they die; but those who never yield—those who keep up the struggle, while life lasts, face always forward.

Thwarted ambition, sorrow, sickness, lost powers—are they such finalities that the spirit shall not look beyond them, and pursue its great adventure lustily in spite of them? Many people who have the desire for life haven't the will to live. The will to live is the

will to take life as it comes and as it has to be dealt with, and to do so with healthy mind and eager spirit, valiantly and with soul unconquered, and with fine resolve to do one's utmost to learn the art of living so as to make a success of it.

The human spirit is meant for victory.

IV. THE ART OF NOT WORRYING

WORRY IS A WASTE OF ENERGY AND UTTERLY USELESS. It saps vitality and reduces efficiency. It accomplishes nothing that is constructive, but results in a preoccupation which makes it more difficult to do the things that are needed. It produces irritability and the habit of complaining. And it may have physical reactions which show themselves as pains, or bring about such results as lassitude, weakness, palpitation, digestive disturbances, trembling, insomnia, and may even pave the way for distresses of a more extreme kind.

Problems, disappointments, uncertainties, upsets—these are a part of life. To think about problems is necessary. Worrying about them does no good. Constructive thinking is the creative use of the highest part of one's nature, and tends to the organization of a self that can be lived with in comfort. Worry is an emotional indulgence. It is easier than constructive

thinking and working, but is in its essence destructive.

"I'd be all right if I could find the solution of my problems," said a woman who realized that her worried state of mind was causing the symptoms which had led her to a medical clinic. Of course! But are you going to let yourself be all wrong if you can't find the solution? Are you going to let health and happiness and the quality of your personality depend wholly upon things outside yourself? Then you will be always the victim of circumstances, and will never be safe as long as you live.

The habit of not worrying is an art, and is to be learned like any other art. It has its technique just as there is a technique to the art of driving a motor car safely, or drawing heavenly music out of the catgut strings of a violin, or doctoring the sick so that they shall get really well and be able to go at life with a new mastery.

Worry is a sign of resentment. Therefore acquiescence is part of the technique of its conquest. When a situation is accepted as an existing fact, and taken as life's call to stand up and play the man, the

inner self is put on its mettle immediately. Both mind and spirit are clarified. The ego is aligned with things as they are. When a man honestly faces things as they are he is in a better position for undertaking to work for things as they ought to be. His attitude is this: Here are definite conditions to be dealt with; what, then, can I do either to change conditions into something better, or to change myself into a person who can live in unwelcome conditions and not have his life wrecked by them?

That effort to engage in definitely constructive thinking is another part of the technique of the conquest of worry, inasmuch as it is the diametrical opposite of worry. Worry is negative. Constructive thinking is positive. Worry is a state of inactivity and brooding. Constructive thinking is a state of activity and a putting forth of creative energy. Every time the worry thought comes back into the mind something constructive must be put quick in its place, and the mind occupied with that. If hopeful planning is not possible—if the problem is too hard and no light upon it is yet available—the mind must find somewhere a great and energizing thought of

some kind and occupy itself with that. A line or two from an inspired poem may serve, or a noble and brave utterance in prose. Or the problem can be turned into a little prayer. Whatever the stimulating thought that is chosen, it must then be kept in the forefront of consciousness by frequent repetition of the words, and the mind held in its pregnant company. The puzzled man must refuse to settle down into negativeness, and must rally himself to positiveness. He must say: "There is a solution of some kind, and I am going to search and work for the best solution that is possible." When that is done something of a productive nature is substituted for that which is unproductive.

The process of learning not to worry calls for sustained effort. Old crooked ways of thinking have to be corrected. Old false judgments about what is desirable and what is undesirable have to be replaced by right judgments. Old dreads, old fears, old refusals, old shirkings, old habits of misunderstanding, have to be exchanged for the practice of looking at life as a challenge to the spirit. Old notions of what is important, old ideas of what must be had

in order to be happy, old conceptions of what success is really, old personality ideals, old interests that have been preferred interests for years: many of these must be unlearned, nearly all of them sometimes, and other and very different persuasions must be put in their place. Mind, emotional habit, spirit, will—these have to be taken in hand and dealt with so that old mischief-making ways and tendencies shall be replaced by those that lead to freedom and health and more abundant and happier life.

A worrying personality is a personality in process of degeneration. When a man resolves that under his test he will make himself grow in value as a person he does something that is splendidly formative. He can then make his problem, whatever the factual outcome may be, contributory to his improvement as a man. Whether he shall make money or lose money, have a job or not have a job, find life a happy experience or an unhappy experience, this he holds to be his first business: to make himself grow in stability and wisdom and magnanimity and spiritual aliveness, and so in real value as a human being.

This is a developing world. The conditions of life at the present time are far from what they ought to be. The individual who is in straits must remember that he is not a lone struggling spirit. Struggle is everywhere the condition of life. From the beginning of time whatever progress has been made has been the splendid fruit of struggle.

The straitened soul must therefore decide that it will co-operate with the universe. The universe is to be trusted. The person who gives himself to union with the Soul of the universe gets free from worry in proportion to the thoroughness of that union. He lives in conviction that the pain of life is somehow involved in an everlasting progress, and makes himself willing to endure what must be endured for the accomplishment of that progress and of his own part in that progress. He dedicates himself to work with God for great ends. He resolves moreover that he will try to make his mode of dealing with trouble contribute in some way to the deliverance of other folk who are in trouble. He resolves that his suffering shall have creative value for at least some one soul, even as the suffering of the

world's supreme sufferers has had creative value for many souls.

In the technique of learning not to worry three things in particular are important.

First the habit of remembering that although in any given situation the facts come from without and can not be determined, the reaction to them comes from within and can be determined. The incidents are external to oneself. The reaction is one's own. A man may react in this way or in that way, and it is himself who decides which way it shall be.

Next comes the practice of conscious substitution intellectually and emotionally. That is by no means the same thing as trying to forget. When you merely try to put a thought out of your mind you are likely to put it deeper into your mind. Then, though you are not conscious of it as any longer active, though you are not conscious of it as being with you at all, the fundamental unadjustment still remains and may express itself in very distressing ways either intellectual, emotional, or physical, or all three. If, however, you fill your mind with con-

structive thoughts and stimulating emotions, then the worry-thoughts are got rid of by substitution. That which is unhealthy is replaced by that which is healthy.

After this comes what might be called the habit of appropriation. You *take* quietness into your mind. You *take* patience and calmness. You *take* willingness to wait, and willingness to suffer if suffering shall still be called for. You *take* confidence in a right working-out at the end. This is not easy, but it can be learned.

Common daily life calls for a lot of courage. To face an uncertain future, to look forward to the possibility of indigence and perhaps want, to see others have the things you must do without, to behold your fellow crowned with success when you also long to be a somebody and fail to be one, to consent to take a second-rate or third-rate or fourth-rate place in the world, to live with pain day after day and year after year, to have those you have accounted your dearest turn against you with misunderstanding and resentment: to meet with such experiences and yet make no outcry against life, and

also not permit yourself to become a beaten spirit, calls for courage.

A man wants his way made plain, and it isn't made plain. He wants a distressing situation to improve, and for years it does not improve. What can he do? This he can do. He can go straight forward and not flinch. He can hold his head high and his shoulders erect in the face of life's stern demands. He can refuse to whimper, decline to be crushed, and make it his business to keep his spirit forever unbowed. He can make a success of the job of living, be his lot in life what it may.

But it takes courage. Common daily life calls for a daily display of splendid courage.

"I'm not defeated yet!" says the man or woman of courage, "nor do I mean to be." "I can take this also," he says, "and I will." "Whatever is to be," he says, "I am resolved to make my spirit victorious."

Courage is an item in one's self-respect.

It is still more than that when a man thinks of life as a great adventure for immortal ends. It is then a token of his resolve that he will take life for its

greatest possibilities, and for the highest values it can be imagined to contain. A man helps himself mightily if he cultivates the habit of living with the thought that the Soul of the Universe is for him and not against him, is with him and not apart from him.

Some of the ancient writers used a valuable word when they talked about 'detachment.' The word stands for one of the constructive principles of life. Nothing of a material and temporal kind shall be taken hold of with such a grip that life is made just because of its presence or spoiled just because of its going. It is possible to take a positive pleasure in seeing what you can do without and yet live happily, wholesomely, progressively. Comfort or discomfort, easy conditions or hard, abundance or scantiness, happiness or unhappiness—these things may come or go, and the spirit still be independent. Life and the living of life, the value of life and the joy of life, are matters of larger moment than the condition of the passing hour.

Practice yourself in a reasonable detachment, take life as a great adventure of the soul, elevate your

mind to the thought of moving daily as a conqueror in the realm of spirit, find happiness in learning to do without happiness: do such things and you make life a noble and triumphant experience inwardly whatever it may be outwardly.

The free man is not the one who can proudly boast that he has never been in bondage to any person. The free man is the one who can say that he is not in bondage to himself: to his desires, his appetites, his comforts, his prejudices, his self-importance, his fears, his tempers, his self-pityings, his habits of worry, his perversions of any other kind.

If this were realized and continually held in mind perhaps we should not be as careless as we are with regard to our thoughts, feelings, words, habits, glances, interests, desires, endeavors.

The trouble is that we like our unwholesome thoughts and emotions.

What! Enjoy thoughts and emotions that are painful? Take, for example, this person who is begging to be helped out of a severe case of depression. When the attacks come and overwhelm him he is in

misery! You don't think he enjoys that, do you?

And of course he doesn't. Not consciously anyway. For the thing is now in danger of engulfing him entirely, and he sees his life falling into ruin. But the likelihood is that before he developed this terrible depression he did get a certain perverse enjoyment out of his moods. Think of yourself. Haven't you derived a cheerless kind of satisfaction from your glumness, or your peevishness, or your temper, or your mood of gloomy self-condemnation sometimes, or your mood of self-pity perhaps most of all?

We permit the mood which gives us emotional satisfaction at the moment. Even if at the first onset the vicious reaction comes involuntarily, when we permit it to stay, and let it become a habit, that is a matter of choice. If there is more emotional satisfaction in a fit of temper than in being good-natured, we allow the temper to develop. If there is more gratification in a fit of the blues than in a sturdy assertion of courage, we yield to the blues.

The next time you feel the blues creeping over you square your shoulders, try to do your work a

little better than ever, speak in a major key if you have occasion to speak, and if you are with another person smile a pleasant smile (not one of those sickly forced ones) and toss him out a little compliment. Put on the appearance of cheerfulness anyway, so as not to have a depressing effect upon the people round about you and so that they will not even suspect that you are feeling blue. That will at least be doing them a good turn. It will also be doing yourself a good turn. You will shorten, in all probability, your attack of depression.

When you feel annoyed and want to bristle up in response, try the effect of deliberately relaxing your whole body. Relax your body consciously and try to think of some way of changing the subject easily and pleasantly. Or if it seems wiser not to speak at all, keep silent; but do it with creative purpose, and not sullenly. You will thus have a better nervous reaction at the moment, and after a time you will have a new and better emotional habit to live with all the while.

But it takes courage to do such things! Courage and determination!

Well, then, resolve that you will be a person of courage.

Then do some exploring. There is a cause for everything. When an undesirable mood comes look for the cause. It may lie in some temporary physical upset, some residuum of emotional tiredness, some chance word that has been caught or something that has been read, some half-forgotten occurrence of the morning, something that happened yesterday and lodged itself in the subconscious mind before proper adjustment had been made. Whatever the inciting cause happens to be, when once you discover it and look at it squarely and weigh it fairly you are in a better state for dealing in a wise way with the mood it has called into being.

When the inciting cause has been candidly examined and judged, and a corrective thought has been taken into the mind, that corrective thought must be reinforced with a strong supporting emotion. If will and emotion are in conflict the will is likely to prove the weaker of the two. If you want to get free from mischief-making moods you must

work persistently at the development of thoughts, feelings, and reaction-habits that are wholesome and brave and that will build up your personality in desirable ways. You must learn to love those thoughts, feelings, and reaction-habits more than you love the ones that give unwholesome gratification.

It is not pleasant to see oneself as personally responsible for the evils from which one suffers. Just that, however, just that insight and acknowledgment, may be the first step toward getting free from those evils.

Until a man is something more than an unthinking reaction to any stimulus that comes along he is bound to be the puppet of chance instead of a person who uses life's varied experiences in a formative way for noble ends. One benefit of self-consciousness is that it enables a person to examine and evaluate his reactions, and then to reconstruct his habits of thinking and feeling so as to improve his whole state of being.

The mind, which can work upon the body for its undoing, can also work upon the body for the correction of that undoing.

A woman who had taken hold of herself with that kind of new creative purpose made one day a wise observation. "If I had something the matter with my hand or my stomach," she said, "I'd treat it; and if it's something the matter up here"—she touched her head—"I'll treat that. I don't want to be all the rest of my life the way I've been the last six months. Dr. G—— tells me he can't do anything more for me physically. If I want to get well I must do it myself. All right, if there's anything to do, I'm going to do it!"

She did. She attended a class for thought-control and emotion-training, and applied to herself and her situation the principles learned there. So she learned how to change her reactions and thereby to lift herself up to a new health and happiness.

Another woman who was re-educating herself in the same way told of being sick five years and of being 'a nervous wreck.' The ticking of a clock, the sound of running water, the rattling of dishes, the noise of children—little things like those she simply couldn't stand! She couldn't sleep. She sat and cried. She wished she was dead. If any one rang the

bell, or knocked at the door, she wouldn't answer. She hated even her own self.

Then she began to think 'yes' thoughts instead of 'no' thoughts, and to say 'I can' instead of 'I can't.' She began to make a sincere effort to master her emotions instead of letting her emotions master her. Her husband's work was still slack and the daughter's more or less uncertain, but she renounced the worry habit. "Things come out all right," she said as she told of the experience. There was little cash for movies, but there were interesting shop windows on all sides: and so she walked a great deal, went window-shopping, took note of how the new clothes were made and then went home to imitate them, made friends with the neighbors, learned to read good books. At the very moment when she was telling of her improvement she had in her hand a practical book by one of the saner and wiser writers on applied psychology. By the walks, the window-shopping, the reading, the new touch with her neighbors, and the companionship and inspiration which she found at the class in thought-control, she fed her mind with new ideas and new interests. The

result was a revolution in her life. You should see her now, and hear her talk, to realize how great that revolution is.

"Now," says this Mrs. B——, "nothing gets me upset. I love to have friends and to meet them. Everything feels new. Things don't get any better if you worry. I now really enjoy life. I love to walk and to work. I walked over here three miles this morning. I am going to a gym to reduce. I have had troubles. My daughter hasn't been working, and my husband hasn't been well for some time. But I get courage and take hold of myself. I feel so different!" Mrs. B——'s intelligent young daughter, in a thoughtfully given statement at another time, bore witness to the reality of her mother's improvement. So did Mrs. B——'s own appearance and manner over a series of years during which conditions still continued to be hard.

By working at herself intelligently and pluckily Mrs. B—— set herself free from the worry habit and the calamitous results that it was producing in her. It was not the getting of a new idea that brought about the change. It was the practice of the

new idea. The new idea had to be worked out in Mrs. B——'s mind, applied to her particular circumstances, and then kept at work day after day, month after month, fair or foul, good conditions or bad conditions. If her problems could be solved she would try to solve them. If they could not be solved she intended to keep her spirit victorious in spite of discouragements, difficulties, struggles, poverty, pains, weaknesses, or whatever might be.

Probably the greatest aid to the art of not worrying is a profound religious life. This means something more than belief. It means commitment of oneself to God, for working out with him a triumphant life of the spirit.

It is a pity that the Book of Job is really known and loved by so few. It is one of the world's great poems. For sheer sublimity of language it is superb. In meaning it burrows far into the depths of the whole problem of meeting the challenge of life.

Every time one reads it or thinks of it the profoundly experiential basis of it becomes more apparent. Job as a character may or may not be his-

toric. But even if Job himself is fictive, the man who made the story into a great poem was certainly giving utterance to his own deepest and hardest thinking.

The opening chapters make it plain that Job was a genuinely religious man, according to the light he had. The development of the poem shows that his conception of life and God and a man's possible relations with God had been too shallow, too smug. With all his religiousness he did not have a relation with God that could sustain him when disasters came hot one upon the heels of another. Job was like a great many other people who have been religious all their life. He believed in God but he did not really know God. He believed in God objectively but he did not thoroughly practice the thought of God in daily life. He did not understand what the thought of God should be and can be to a man. His prosperity was to him a sign of God's friendship, and when his prosperity left him that which he had supposed to be his religion left him also.

But when you reach the end the case is different.

There Job himself recognizes that he had not in past years really known God. "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear," he says, "but now mine eye seeth thee." In the fires of life's burning he has come to new comprehension. His personality has become a richer, deeper, riper thing. He has greatened and intensified and exalted his thought of God. He can therefore put away rebellion and worry out of his life. He has moved forward into relations with God that will sustain him, whatever shall come to pass.

When a man at last learns to commit to God his whole being—his physical self, his mental self, the soul that is within him, the hunger of his heart, his longings, his plans, his fears, his needs of every kind—for working out with God the problems that life sets, he has a new strength with which to meet the daily challenge. He has imbedded himself in God, the central Life and highest Purpose of the universe. The sickness of his soul is in contact with the Source of healing.

V. RELAXATION AND POWER

HERE ARE SOME STRANGE FACTS.

Moderation is a kind of force. Renunciation can be a way to acquirement. Surrender can open the door to enlargement. Through quiescence energy can be had. By laying aside power you can get power: letting go in order to a new taking hold.

The physical heart illustrates the point—that organ which does one hundred and twenty foot-tons of work every twenty-four hours, and which can not cease from activity for any five minutes of your eighty or ninety years lest you die. Diastole follows systole from seventy to seventy-five times a minute as long as you live. Contraction, then relaxation; and relaxation exceeding contraction, or exertion, in the matter of actual time. It has been figured that in the aggregate the heart's relaxation amounts to a full fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. And what is taking place during each relaxed fraction of a sec-

ond? The heart is resting for renewed effort; and while it rests is holding itself wide open to the inflow of that life-force which it is its perpetual business to send out into every nook and cranny of the body.

The point is further illustrated by certain men of power. When you come into the presence of those greater men do you find nervousness, fussiness, restlessness? Or do you get rather the impression of abundance of time, quietness, ease? You may find either; but in the man who is *not* restless, *not* dissipating his energy in fussiness, *not* fretful about facts as he has to deal with them, *not* tense with excitement, you get the greater feeling of power. It is like Goethe's motto, *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*—without haste, without rest. The man works steadily and to vast purpose, but appears to be doing it without hurry. He achieves this result because he has acquired a certain habit of resting all the while as he works. He applies the idea of systole and diastole to his daily activity.

Hurry was the torture that Dante assigned to souls which were on the outskirts of hell. Hurry, hurry!

Run, run! Rush like the wind, always going somewhere and never getting anywhere, driven on by stinging wasps and hornets! That was for folk who had never been really alive, or who had "lost the good of intellect." But people who *are* alive, and who *have* the good of intellect—why should they not plan life after a reasonable fashion?

Relaxation is part of the order of nature. Alternation, reciprocation, day and night, summer and winter, flow and ebb, flux and reflux, systole and diastole, action and reaction: that is nature's law.

A cat prowls, but when it comes in and lies down was ever anything more relaxed? Pick it up around the middle and its legs and head dangle, and one would think there was not a muscle in its body, and hardly a bone. But psst!—a sound that brings it back to life, and it is all muscle, all energy.

Instinct teaches the cat to conserve and build up its vigor. But what is done by multitudes of people? They come in at the end of a day's work so tired that they can hardly move, jam a hearty meal as fast as possible into the stomach, and after that go out

'to have a good time' till flesh can endure no more. Then they go to bed and think about what they have been doing, or about plans for to-morrow, or about problems that they have not known how to deal with; and, if finally they sleep, go to sleep with their minds seething and surging. There is relaxation neither of body nor of mind. And then they wonder why they suffer from physical disorders, or from attacks of depression. Outraged nature is taking its revenge.

Medical practice is learning nowadays to throw emphasis upon relaxation in the treatment of nervous disorder. Perfect relaxation of every muscle, combined with perfect relaxation of the mind—give yourself to that for fifteen or twenty minutes while lying on your back on the floor or some other firm surface, or even while sitting in a chair, and at the same time throw open your whole being for life and power to flow in, and see then what new vigor you receive for the day's stress and strain. Do it every day, at whatever time you can, twice a day if you can, and you are likely to discover soon a very

definite improvement in your feelings and your capacity for carrying on your work.

The experience of V—— Q—— illustrates what can be done. He was living in a very noisy part of a large city. His work kept him hard at it both day and night. He had never been physically robust. The incessantness of his work and the noise by which he was surrounded were disturbing his mind and straining his body. He would sit down at his desk in the morning and find himself unable to think, his body restless, his mind utterly unproductive.

Then he learned the art of voluntary muscular relaxation. He would get up from his chair, stretch out upon his back on the floor, and put himself into the condition of the cat that appears to have not a muscle in its body and scarcely a bone. After fifteen or twenty minutes he would go back to his desk rested, refreshed, recruited both in body and in mind, and do a good morning's work. Many a time as years went on, when it seemed as if he could not possibly get through the morning and much less through the entire day, he would thus take into himself a power that carried him through. He knew that the

power was there. As he learned to relax his body, deliberately and definitely, and permit the power to flow in, he found that it came and met his need.

This man was doing what John Jay Chapman talks of in one of his essays. He was teaching himself to "turn freely and trust the Power." He was putting into practice the idea of William James when he declares that the higher part of man is "*conterminous and continuous with a MORE of the same quality, which is operative in the universe outside of him, and which he can keep in working touch with.*" William James considered the idea of such importance that he printed it in italics. And as V—— Q—— learned to use the idea it made life over for him.

The best place for relaxing is the floor, or some other surface so firm that it will not yield itself to the contour of the body. A soft mattress is not so good, and hinders the perfect release of the muscles.

First lie down on your back on that hard surface. Then let your eyelids come together slowly and gently, and after that keep them closed, so that every distracting sight is shut away.

Then take four or five long, deep breaths, away

down in the abdomen, drawing them in slowly and letting them out slowly. If the last of these breaths is held for a moment and then let out suddenly, as when a gas bag is punctured, you will feel the muscles all over your body suddenly growing limp and flabby.

But that is only the beginning of relaxation. Think now how heavy you are. Think what a task any one would have who tried to lift you, and how your body would almost cling to the floor. Think of yourself as like that cat when everything hung limp—feet, legs, head, tail, body, whiskers, everything! Think of yourself as like that.

Then begin with your toes, and go slowly all through your body, muscle by muscle, consciously relaxing still more. Say to yourself—not with your lips, but in your mind silently: “I relax my neck—I relax my neck . . . I relax my face—I relax my face.” And so on, all the way down: forehead, jaws, shoulders, arms, wrists, hands, fingers, spine, chest, abdomen, hips, thighs, knees, calves, ankles, feet, toes. As you think of each muscle, and tell it to relax, you feel a little more of the tension going out.

Every time you do so you feel a slight change taking place. An onlooker might not be able to see any difference, but you feel that the muscle has become a little more loose and flaccid.

Not only does the body become relaxed, but the mind also. The bit of formula, as you mentally bid your muscles one by one to relax, gives just enough occupation to the mind to displace other thoughts. And as the body progressively relaxes the mind progressively loses the power of thinking. It is not possible to think hard when the body is completely relaxed. The thoughts wander, they become vague and uncertain, the mind rests for a while.

After this yet more of relaxation and peace can be secured by forming a mental picture, the eyes still closed and the body still inert. You think to yourself that the exertions of the past hours have been like a stiff climb. Now you are resting peacefully, with every muscle unbound, on the top of one of those wooded mountains that are to be found in the heart of the Maine woods. Above you a few soft billowy clouds that scarcely seem to move, and beyond them the infinite depths of the blue

sky. Nothing below you but forest and lakes: just as far as the eye can reach forest and lakes, thirty-two of them, large and small, and a little emerald green tarn two hundred feet below you on the side of the mountain itself. In your nostrils the fragrance of the spruces and firs baking in the sunshine. Everything is still, everything in the midst of a great stillness. And you are in the midst of that great stillness. At the same time you are in the midst of marvelous and abounding life. You think how the trees of the forest are quietly drawing in life all the while from the earth in which they are rooted, and from the atmosphere by which they are surrounded.

Then quietly, continuing in utter relaxation of body, you open your whole being to the life by which you are surrounded: the energy which pervades the universe, which *creates* the universe and holds it together, in order that you may receive the renewal it can give, the fresh invigoration, the sustaining strength, the peace of mind, the joy of spirit, the confidence in life, the power to go on to the tasks that are before you. You open your whole being to that life and power to which William

James referred in the passage quoted a few paragraphs back.

If you will do this faithfully, regularly, you are likely to be surprised at the results. The relaxation gives to the organs of the body a chance to be still, and to do their work calmly. It quiets the restless mind. It soothes the nerves. It blunts the edge of pain, and tends to its conquest. It opens the body to energy from outside itself, and helps to the renewal it needs.

Therefore stop for a period of relaxation, if it can be done, in the middle of the morning and again in the middle of the afternoon. If it is not possible to lie down the body can be relaxed for a few seconds in the midst of shop or office tasks. Wherever you are, at whatever time of day or night, you can suspend for a moment your preoccupation with passing events and realize yourself as in touch with the Universal: with its energy, its free giving of itself continually, its steadfast working toward great ends. Just to relieve the tension for a minute now and then helps one to go on with less strain.

Then when night comes put yourself to sleep by

means of this conscious relaxing. If sleep carries, relax anyway and lie quietly as if you were asleep. The relaxation helps you to rest, whether you sleep or wake. It makes the night pass more quickly. It also invites sleep. It prepares you for renewing the habit of sleep if you have lost the habit. You are likely to find yourself coming suddenly to consciousness and saying, "Why! I must have been asleep." That is a pleasant surprise to have.

But if you desire that result here is something important. When you go to bed the business of the hour is sleep just as much as work is the business of the hour when you go to your daily job. Reading is not the business of the hour, nor thinking, nor worrying, nor tossing, nor anything but sleeping. Just as during the hours of work you give yourself to the expectation of doing your job efficiently, so when you go to bed you must give yourself to the expectation of resting and sleeping.

The relaxation principle can be applied to daily life in many ways.

What lies back of fretting, of suffering from vain regrets, of thoughts that one does not measure up to other people? Some kind of mental and emotional tenseness lies back of such things. The tenseness must be eased, must be relaxed.

A young woman had a difficult experience to face. She was ill, and had come away for rest and renewal. But her rest must be broken, and her trip lengthened, in order that she might visit a parent with whom she had had lifelong difficulty. The meeting was dreaded and feared. It was necessary for the young woman to get into condition for returning to some difficult and exacting work, and she was afraid the visit would undo the improvement that had been made during a brief period of treatment. What could she do in order to come through the meeting successfully? She was instructed to practice physical relaxation as she made the railroad journey to the place of encounter. That mere physical relaxation, she was told, would help her to the mental and emotional poise that were needed for the experience that was before her.

One is bothered, annoyed, irritated, sometimes

made sick, sometimes made to suffer in other ways, by that which one permits oneself to notice and heed. If the noticing becomes intense the felt irritation becomes intense. Fix the center of attention upon something else, and the irritation is much less. It may even not be felt at all. When Saint Francis of Assisi, because of his sick eye, was to submit to a cautery from the jaw up to the eyebrow he spoke friendly to the fire in which the iron was being heated. "My Brother Fire," he said, "noble and useful among all other creatures, be kindly to me in this hour, because formerly I have loved thee for the love of Him who created thee. But I pray our Creator who created us, that He will so temper thy heat that I may be able to sustain it." Then he signed the fire with the sign of the cross. Those who were with him turned away and fled because they could not bear the sight, but Saint Francis "neither moved nor showed the least sign of pain," the physician told them when they returned. And Francis himself declared: "In truth I say unto you, that I have felt neither any pain nor the heat of the fire; nay, if it be not well burnt now, let him burn it better."

Probably a good many people have the idea that auto-suggestion is always some such thing as the repetition of a formula. The kind of thing that Saint Francis did is the profoundest and most effective kind of auto-suggestion. He relaxed his body and then deliberately fixed his mind upon a thought that led to calmness and strength. He made definite choice of that to which he would pay attention.

That matter of choice is imperative. Every one of us is auto-suggesting himself all the while. "This is more than I can endure"—"Oh! how I dread this afternoon"—"I know I shall fail"—"I'm no good at all in the presence of that person"—"I don't believe I can get through another day if this pain continues"—"I'm sure this feeling means cancer"—"Nobody can persuade me that I haven't got heart disease": let a person say things of that kind, say them over and over to himself as many people do daily and hourly, and he is suggesting to himself the continuance of his unhappy state of being. But change and make a new start. Relax the body and mind. At the same time turn the mind and spirit in the direction of that which is positive: "This situation is a

challenge to my spirit, and I'm going to rise to it"—
"Some of the most valuable people the world has known have lived with pain every day, and what they have done I can do and make myself valuable in spite of difficulty"—"I have been assured on competent authority that these feelings do not indicate anything serious, and therefore I will take my aches calmly and without fear"—"I can and will go with composure to this encounter"—"I will not let myself be small, but will see how big I can be." Talk to yourself like that. Confidence and courage, indifference to discomfort, detachment with respect to the experience of the moment, the triumph of the spirit over the body and what happens to it—these can be made into habits. And that means the finding of more value in life.

Those were the things Mrs. L—— taught herself, and with notable results. What she had to face and deal with certainly was hard enough. Her husband had no satisfactory job. His earnings could feed and clothe the family in only the meagerest way. Yet out of that insufficient wage he was wasting money on drink, undermining his chances for

the future, and acting so as to disgrace and shame his sensitive wife. She herself was carrying a serious organic complaint which appeared to be heading her for a critical piece of surgery. Under the strain she was going to pieces nervously.

Then she discovered that better reactions were possible. She learned to relax the tenseness of both mind and body. She learned to control her emotional reactions by means of deliberately choosing a direction for her thoughts. "You can become an efficient worrier by practice just as you can become efficient in anything else," she said one day. "Practice makes perfect. I find it takes practice to learn not to worry."

She told of specific things that she does in order to help herself. "Words help me a lot," she said. "I think of the word 'solitude,' and then I am out in the woods with nothing but the songs of the birds and the humming of the insects. Or I think of the word 'serenity,' and then I see my mother after the morning's work is done, and her dress is changed, sitting in her rocking-chair and knitting. Or I think of the word 'peace,' and then I have a picture of my

church on Easter, and the altar, and the flowers. There are many other words that I think of. And as I do so peace and strength come to my spirit."

The change in herself gave her a new power in the home. The husband stopped drinking. The children were happy. Mrs. L—— knew that she might still have to undergo the operation, but she was not fretting. She was looking forward without fear.

One definite aid to thought-control is speech-control. Let the speech be relaxed, both the words that are used and the way in which they are uttered, and the thought responds.

"I talk just the way I feel," people say. Yes! But have you never noticed that you also feel just the way you talk?

Try it. Say this: "The things that person said gave me an *awful* pain; it was simply unbearable!"—and screw up your face as you say it, and shake your head at the thought of it, and clench your teeth, and dig your fingers into your palms, and stiffen all your other muscles. See then how you

feel! Now say: "Yes, the words were pretty harsh; but everybody has to hear harsh words sometimes, and they were only words." Say it quietly and calmly, with voice and body relaxed, and with the corners of your mouth turned up instead of down. Try the experiment at this moment, whether you have been submitted to harsh words or not. . . . You see how you can affect your feelings just by the way in which you make a statement.

One woman, telling of an operation which some member of the family was to undergo, spoke of "those awful, gruesome, bloody preparations," and shuddered all over as she said the words and made the picture in her mind. Another, recalling a severe and dangerous surgical experience, told of "the friendly, merciful knife and the blessed skill of the surgeon," and sat calm and smiling as she spoke. If the first woman had merely altered her choice of words and her way of uttering them, and acted after the manner of the second woman, it would have eased both her thought and her physical sensations.

Speech-control calls for continual watchfulness,

persistent determination and effort, firm self-denial, and unflinching perseverance in turning away from that which is unpleasant or weakening and laying hold on some better subject to talk about. But it is worth all the cost. It makes a person a more welcome figure among his fellows. It helps him forward to that new and healthier kind of life that he needs to live: new and healthier life of the body as well as of the mind and spirit.

Action-control, too, is called for.

If you want to *feel* sick, *act* sick: let your shoulders sag, and your feet drag, and the corners of your mouth turn down, and your eyelids droop, and heave a few long sighs. If you want to *feel well*, or at any rate to *feel better* even though some disorder has a grip on you, straighten your shoulders, talk with energy about something interesting and outside of yourself, put a smile on your lips, and face the world gallantly.

The question for every person to ask himself is this: "What kind of world am I building for myself

by the thoughts I think and the emotions I encourage?"

When Mrs. G—— began to ask herself that question she realized that the world of her despair was a world of her own making, and that it could be changed into a world of courage and good cheer if she would change her ways of thinking. "But what if your husband should lose his new job," she was asked some months later, "and you should have to let the furniture go once more, and should find yourself again just where you were a while ago: would you then slip back, and have a relapse, and be once more the victim of the symptoms that were wrecking your life at that time?" She thought not. "If I've done so well thus far, I don't see why I couldn't learn to stand anything," she said.

She had suffered from phobias about turning off the gas and locking the door; her "mind was a muddle," so that she was not sure what she had or had not done; her body would get "numb, and as cold as ice"; when she went to bed her hands and legs would tremble so that she was afraid she would wake her husband, and her teeth chattered so that

she would bite the bedclothes to keep him from hearing the sound; she had believed that she was going insane. "I have lain across a stool," she said, "and thought to myself, 'Shall I take the two children and jump out of the window?'"

But when she told these things she was a very different kind of person, and no longer the almost helpless victim of an emotional combat inwardly. She was learning to understand that she could establish her more intelligent conscious self as master of her emotions, and so prevent mischievous subconscious processes from wrecking her life. She was beginning to perceive that she could draw upon energies that she had previously ignored, and by drawing upon them could remake life for herself and also for her husband and the two babes. As she spoke she had in her hand a little book of selections from Epictetus, George Eliot, Emerson, and Browning, with which to feed her soul while waiting her turn at the public dispensary.

As a matter of fact the husband did lose his greatly prized new job not very long after that, but if you met Mrs. G—— her eyes would light up and

she would tell you that the new principles were working and that she was holding on.

Mrs. G—— had learned two things. She had learned to relax her mind to problems, disappointments, handicaps (she was seriously afflicted with deafness), and the general intricacy of life. And she had learned to put courageous and inspiring thoughts into the seat of authority in her mind.

Fighting an idea or a feeling is likely to fix it more firmly in its place. But let it be quietly and perseveringly supplanted by something that is better and it loses its power. There is no longer a mental conflict. Something that builds up is acting inwardly instead of something that tears down.

V—— Q——, who has been referred to once before, employed a simple device for relieving his mind in this way. His resolves not to think about a certain difficulty were of no avail. As often as he put it out of his mind it came back into his mind. He couldn't turn around before it was there again. Will power accomplished nothing. "Very well," he said, "I'll try something else. I will use that obsessive thought as a signal. As often as it comes to my

mind it will sound a buzzer in my head, and that will remind me to put a tonic and productive thought in place of the one that is toxic and destructive." He did not leave the matter to chance. He picked out a definite thought that was elevated in its nature instead of petty and mean, generous instead of spiteful, creative instead of hurtful. A prayer is creative in its very nature. It can be said over and over again, and always with constructive value if said sincerely. V—— Q—— therefore turned his difficulty into a prayer. Some other thought might have been chosen: a bit of exalted poetry, or some pregnant sentence from other realms of literature. But in this case the prayer was best.

The plan worked. When the obsessive thought came it touched off the mental buzzer, and quick as a flash the man called up the constructive thought into his conscious mind. He kept on doing this until he was rid of the deleterious thought entirely.

That was good psychology as well as good sense. By turning that which was *not* good into an automatic signal to call into activity that which *was* good, the man stimulated the habit of living with

wholesome thoughts and emotions. And that helped him to deal with his problem in a way that yielded satisfactory results. In order to handle the problem favorably he needed a rested and liberated and enlarged mind, and a relaxed emotional state.

V— Q— helped himself to deal creatively with his difficulty by inviting into himself something greater than himself. And that goes to the essence of religion. Religion is intrinsically not a belief, not a doctrine, not the practice of certain acts; but conscious association with the divine Spirit and Life. The Life that lived in Jesus and gave him power, that Life, that same Life, is available to struggling man to-day. The Light that illumined the soul of Jesus, that same Light is still for man's use. God becomes very real when he is held in one's thought as an environing, strength-giving, beloved Life and Mind and Spirit with which it is possible to be in touch all the while. What the struggling man or woman needs more than anything else is the creative thinking that comes from living in contact with the mind of God, the vision and wisdom and strength that come from sustained personal in-

tercourse with the spirit of God, the life that comes from persistent feeding on the life of God, the light that comes from perpetual looking up into the face of God.

In the midst of all the turmoil and bewilderment of life such recognition of the divine nearness and availability can be a staying power continually, leading to wisdom for meeting the day's problem, hope for the future, courage to endure, patience to wait, and a quiet joy even when conditions are hard.

The heart's action—call that again to mind. Diastole and systole alternate without respite. Unceasingly you relax your whole being into God that you may be replenished by God; and then, also unceasingly, as systole comes quick upon diastole, you turn and put to use, with vigor, the life and mind and spirit you have received from God.

Here are some items in a creative self-discipline.

Relaxation—physical, mental, emotional, spiritual—is a way to power.

Relax yourself to nervous situations and nervous

habits, and you help yourself to freedom. Nervous habits can thus be corrected and nervous situations relieved.

Speech-control is an aid to thought-control. Therefore do not talk about your pains, symptoms, troubles, and unpleasant emotions. Talk about your encouragements, pleasant surprises, joys, the interests that make for enlargement. Make your talk constructive, and it helps to make your habit of thought constructive.

Cultivate the art of conscious thought-direction. You can aim your thoughts as you aim your steps. Therefore do it. Aim your thoughts at loveliness of personality, greatness of spirit, wholesomeness of body, friendliness, happiness.

Teach yourself to look forward with interested curiosity to what may come next in this great adventure of living, and to what new problems you may have to meet and to solve, and then face the daily issues without dodging. Take life as an adventure, and so set yourself free from both self-pity and fear.

Look upon life's difficulties not as enemies but as

friends, and take them as aids to the development of a personality of value.

Hoist the banners of the spirit unconquerable, and keep them flying at your masthead however fierce the battle of life.

Hold in mind unceasingly the thought that there is a spiritual food by which an exhausted body and disheartened spirit can be renewed, and feed yourself on that spiritual food just as you feed regularly on physical food.

VI. IT'S THE SOUL THAT NEEDS TREATMENT

WHEN THE ILLUSTRIOUS POET OF WEIMAR SAID that "he who is plenteously provided for from within needs but little from without," he spoke wise words and good. It makes a palpable difference in one's daily experience when one really appropriates the idea that the fundamental health of life, as well as the true beatitude of life, comes from that which is built up inside and not from the things that are so wistfully sought outside.

Not the state of the body but the state of the mind and soul is the measure of the well-being of each man and woman of us.

When the American scholar, Henry Warren of Cambridge, forced his pain-racked body to serve his mind he showed eloquently that power of the soul to make itself supreme. When he drove himself through Harvard though it required seven painful years and he had to be wheeled from class to class

in a chair; when in spite of bodily tortures he then made himself an expert in the art of deciphering the crabbed and obscure characters of ancient Pali manuscripts; when because of his pain he had to carry on those studies and write his pages standing before a high desk with crutches under his arms, or, at other times, kneeling in front of a chair to take the strain off his back; when, even the comfort of a bed at last denied him, he had to sleep on the floor of a specially constructed room in which the temperature was scrupulously regulated; and when, under such conditions, he put forth modernizations and translations of the ancient Buddhist scriptures which led a famous swami to visit Cambridge to pay him tribute from the people of India: when Henry Warren so built his life the state of his body was pitiful; but the state of his mind and soul was magnificent.

The spirit refused to bow to the state of the body. In other situations, where the body has not suffered catastrophe, the spirit can become the precise determinator of the health and feelings of the physical organism. When pains and aches and multifarious crippling disorders are presented to medical men in

consulting rooms and hospital wards, and they are expected to bring healing by means of some dosage or other physical means, again and again they find that treatment of mind and soul is more needed than treatment of body.

It is conservatively estimated that more than one-third of the people who go to doctors to be cured are suffering from ailments which represent primarily a disordered state of the mind and spirit. Other estimates put the figure higher, and declare that in above half of the cases in general hospitals the illness is chiefly psychical and not physical. Hence it follows, as one eminent practitioner has declared, that when a man or woman presents himself to a physician or to a clinic the personality condition should be looked into as much as the condition of lungs and heart and blood stream and digestive organs. And it is asked if that isn't just common sense?

The point that comes forth is this. When the pains and weaknesses and heart disturbances, and the other things in a long list that might be set down, are of the kind that appear as the result

of distorted thought-processes and badly governed emotions, they are to be dispelled by the substitution of orderly and constructive thought-habits and by learning to use the emotional nature in wholesomely creative ways.

Though by many people that kind of credo is supposed to be among the most modern of modern notions, the essential idea is far from new.

"Declare yourself healthy, and you may become so," said the Baron Ernst von Feuchtersleben a hundred years ago in that wise book, *Zur Diätetik der Seele*, or *Hygiene of the Mind* as the translation has it. He laid stress on the thought, and made it precise. "The whole of nature," he said, "is indeed but an echo of the mind, and the supreme law which may be discovered in her is: that from the ideal comes the real; that the idea gradually fashions the world after itself." All through his careful and close-written pages that is the theme he elaborates.

Turn to the *Religio Medici*. In those luminous pages which Sir William Osler so loved and carried

around in his pocket when he was doing his work at Johns Hopkins Medical School, another wise physician and great spirit laid emphasis upon the soul and its sovereignty when the human integer is being dealt with. "There are infirmities not only of Body, but of Soul," said Sir Thomas Browne two hundred years before Feuchtersleben touched pen to paper, "and Fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities." He is speaking as a doctor when he uses the word 'our.' "It is no greater Charity to cloath his body," he says with regard to each struggling human being and his needs, "than apparel the nakedness of his Soul. I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure, of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community, in learning; I study not for my sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves." Which is to say that he would make it his business to pass on to others the things he has learned about the art of living and struggling and conquering, and aspiring to conquer still further, because he knows that as a physician he can do his patients no greater service than to help them make that adjustment to the demands of life

which is essential if either happiness or health is to be experienced.

Stroll yet farther along the backward shores of time until you come to the fadeless Fourteenth Century. You find words that might have been penned this morning. "Some doctors do affirm that mental concepts tell upon the body more than physicians do with all their drugs," said that close thinker and great soul, Meister Eckhart. Psychological insight was not all born in the Twentieth Century. Neither was wisdom.

Go still more remotely into the past and pick up another shining pebble. Thirteen hundred years before Meister Eckhart was preaching philosophy and mysticism to the eager German multitudes in their own common speech and urging them to use their souls for the good of their whole being, Plato was declaring, through the mouth of his protagonist Socrates, that: "this is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body." Socrates had offered to the winsome youth Charmides a headache cure which had once been given to him, and

had explained that "it was a kind of leaf, which required to be accompanied by a charm, and if a person would repeat the charm at the same time that he used the cure, he would be made whole." The need of the charm was stressed. "Without the charm the leaf would be of no avail," Socrates had declared.

It is a clear case of treating the mind, and, through that, affecting the body. Socrates (or Plato), will not permit any doubt with regard to the fundamental idea. "Let no one persuade you to cure the head, until he has first given you his soul to be cured by the charm." He repeats the teaching and underscores it: "If the head and the body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul; that is the first thing. This is the reason why the cure of many diseases is unknown to the physicians of Hellas, because they are ignorant of the whole, which ought to be studied also; for the part can never be well unless the whole is well."

The words are as fresh as if they had been uttered in a modern course on psychotherapy.

Turn now to a civilization and an intellectual life

very different from that of Greece and you find the thoughtful Hebrew observing that "a merry heart causeth good healing"—as the more accurate translation has it—"but a broken spirit drieth up the bones."

Go then to a civilization and an intellectual manner still more different and you find the Chinese Confucius also, in his doctrine of the *Chung-Yung* (the central harmonizing force in each individual life), laying stress on the mind as the reconciler between body and spirit, in order to bring about healthy life as the fruit of the reconciliation.

What we consider very modern and are accustomed to hearing about in strange-sounding neologisms, is in fact only an up-to-date investigation and application of what the more thoughtful have always known and what the instinct of man has in all ages led him to practice.

What was the South Sea Islander doing but to treat himself by suggestion, even though quite innocent of psychological jargon, when at the foot of a difficult path he threw a stick or stone or leaf upon a heap of other such miscellanies and cried out that

he had thrown away his fatigue? Then when he went on his way with fresh vigor it was the elevation of his mind to which his body responded.

Moss scraped from the skull of a thief who had been hanged in chains, herbs gathered from a graveyard in the dark of the moon, the blood of serpents, ground-up lice, the excrescences of various creatures, human tears, images, amulets, and other such things cited by Dr. James J. Walsh in a curious chapter, of course never had any directly curative effect upon disease, any more than the bread pills or tar water or magic rings and belts found in communities more modern and supposedly more enlightened. But healings must have occurred when they were employed or their use would not have persisted over long periods of time. And this was so both in primitive regions and in those which boast of being more civilized.

It would be interesting to see a full list of medicaments now cast aside as impotent which at one time healed their thousands and tens of thousands. They once had curative effect. There is no doubt of that. But whence came their potency? It came from the

minds of those who believed in them and expected help from them. The mind of the sick one received a stimulus. Confidence took the place of fear. Hope entered in where despair had been. Belief asserted itself. Expectation of a cure took the place of the morbid thoughts that had held dominion.

It is not all of the truth to say that when physical disorders appear in a man the soul is the part of him that needs treatment, but it is a very important fraction of the truth. Sometimes it is well-nigh the whole truth.

A person is caught in the quagmire of life. He flounders. He sees himself sinking. He feels helpless but struggles on. In the midst of his struggle he finds himself the victim of physical disorders which make it still more difficult to meet the decrees of life. He runs for a doctor. The physician examines him and can not discover any organic basis whatever for the symptoms. What the man needs and has needed from the beginning is a doctor of the soul: some one who can teach him how to look life straight in the face and not be dismayed; how to

stand up with new spirit to life's challenge and learn to glory in the struggle, even as the adventurer in unknown deserts or icy barrens or world-defying mountain peaks glories in the contest which saps his strength and endangers his life—but makes more of a man of him.

On the other hand, even when a man is the victim of specific organic disorder and needs attention of the most advanced medical kind, he needs attention also from some one who knows how to deal with his soul: *soul* being taken, as also in the preceding paragraph, in its inclusive and larger sense as referring to that part of a man which feels, thinks, wills, loves, and is capable of moral and spiritual action. Even where precise scientific remedies appear to have definite curative results, the soul needs treatment as well as the body. The stricken person needs to learn how to take his affliction as just one more bidding to live valiantly and give to the world still another example of the sovereign power of the spirit. Let a man or woman so lift himself up in his inmost being, and that person enters into one of the high joys of life.

Always, whatever the initial facts, it is the whole

man that needs to be considered: not body apart from soul, not soul without reference to body, but both body and soul.

In our present moment of life we are somatic-psychic entities, to the sum total of which many elements contribute; and the ability to live in general well-being comes from a balanced attention which does not ignore either *soma* or *psyche*. If the body is sick it disturbs the soul; if the soul is troubled it can make the body sick: *soul* being used still in the larger sense of that element in a man which feels and thinks and wills and loves and is capable of lifting him up to vigorous action morally and spiritually and physically.

Sickness, often and often again, is essentially a running away from life, its perplexities and inflictions. The sufferer thinks himself the victim of disease. The basic fact is that he is tired of life as he has to experience it: tired of the struggles, the disappointments, the humiliations, the sorrows, the problems it is giving him; tired of his failure, repeated and long-continued, to realize his fond dreams and eager plannings. He is a victim—yes!

But what he is really the victim of is his own rebellion against life, or his shrinking from life, or his fundamental maladjustment to life in some wise.

A woman was telling of her physical exhaustion, but the more she talked the more apparent it became that hers was not a case of the sickening of the body because of overwork as she supposed. It was her spirit that had surrendered. Life had not brought the satisfactions she craved. Loving children, she was not married; middle-aged, she had all her life been dominated by the rest of the family; unsuccessful in her business efforts, she had been dependent instead of free; her interests were narrow, and did not lead her mind away from herself; she had no eager passion which she longed to translate into action; her soul was filled with conflict—disrelish for one home, a mixture of longing and unpleasant memory in connection with another, dread as she thought of the future.

To feel sorry for himself is one of the most disintegrating things the individual can do to himself. This woman's body had small need of doctoring. The physicians could find little to do for her organi-

cally. It was her soul that needed stimulating and the re-education of its responses to the challenge of life. When she was directed to specific ways of working upon herself mentally and emotionally, she began to feel better physically.

As has been already set forth in another chapter, 'nervousness' is essentially a state of mind. If it is a state of mind, through the mind must it be treated. Drugs can not cure it. Physical rest alone can not cure it: for, even if the body is rested and the symptoms disappear, unless the soul has learned to face the involvements of life both gallantly and intelligently, and to refuse to let its body be victimized by the inglorious action of the mind, the fundamental difficulty is still there. You change what can be changed and accept what has to be accepted. And you stop growling: stop it inwardly as well as outwardly. Then you begin to feel better.

If the soul has to be stabbed into health, the stabbing hurts. But if the soul is then sound and sturdy and masterful, what matters some previous pain? To lift up the soul from sickness to health and from

impotence to power—is there any greater thing life can do for you?

“I’m sure,” wrote a friend in a letter, “our attitude toward problems has a strange way of either making or breaking us.” It can make or break us physically as well as psychically.

“The doctor said there was nothing the matter with my back,” said a woman at a gathering for group psychotherapy at a public dispensary, “so I got up and walked.” She did much more than that. She went marketing on the way home, washed the kitchen floor when she got there, and finally surprised her husband by preparing his supper—things she had not in a long while thought herself able to do. A pulling-up of herself mentally, with the emotional renaissance that accompanied it, put new power into her body. She had been living in fear that her husband would get sick and lose his job and that the income, which already was not sufficient to pay the bills when due, would cease entirely. Her mind had grown tired of thinking about what might then be. Her spirit had grown sick of the batterings of life. When she accepted the idea that precisely

that—that surrender of mind and spirit—could produce all her physical symptoms and that she did not need surgery but did need to get free from bad emotion-habits and bad thought-habits, she began at once to raise herself up into new health and energy.

It is the soul that breaks down. It is the soul that needs treatment. Even when the body definitely needs treatment because of some specific infirmity that has taken hold of it, the soul needs treatment also. If it is to be the effective ruler of the body, it needs to be built up continually in power to meet the assaults of life.

Great creative thoughts are the nurture of the soul. Wisely chosen and rightly stimulated emotions are the nurture of the soul. A brave and hopeful philosophy of life is the nurture of the soul. Above all else religion, when it is vital and gripping, when it lays hold on the profundities and leads to energizing personal relations with God, is the nurture of the soul.

Treat the soul, for its daily sustenance, to nothing

more than sensational news sheets and frothy amusements, silly chatter and trashy interests, and how shall it develop the needed strength? Pettiness is the soul's corrupter always.

But make it your habit to live for reality and worth. Bend your energies to the development of your soul. Choose bigness of spirit for your aim at every moment. Do thus, and even though at times you fail to live up to your highest mood you can by little and little build up a soul which will at last become equal to anything. To anything!

But it is necessary to learn how. "You are the only person I have ever talked with who gave me a glimpse of a systematic method of dealing with the human mind." Not by one whose life had been spent in obscurity were those words written, but by one who had for years been at the head of an important department in a leading college; and they were addressed to a comparative stranger from whom help for the 'mind,' used in its larger sense as the conscious directing force of life, had been received almost by accident.

If even those who seem to have every advantage

life can offer seldom meet any one with sufficient insight and knowledge to give help of the kind this person needed, how desperate is the case for the unfavored rank and file! That is why every medical doctor needs also to know how to be a doctor of the soul, and why the parish minister needs to be a good psychologist as well as a good religionist.

"It was because of my mother that I went," said a young woman who had been attending a class for group psychotherapy. "She had to go, and I went along to take her. But it helped me, too. I got peace. I didn't worry any longer. I felt I was ready for anything. Then I came home one day and found my husband . . ." She stopped in the middle of her sentence, and did not explain just what she found that day; but her half-utterances, her ejaculatory speech, her sudden constraint—one guessed what she had found. "But I could meet it," she added.

She had tried to help the man in his distraught state. "I used to come home and tell him word for word what we had at the Class," she said. It made little difference so far as the man was concerned. He did not, perhaps he could not, take in the idea; and

the bullet was his solution of his problem. But for the young wife the weekly instruction had become a stimulus to self-command and steadiness and calmness and courage. "Now if I don't go for a week I feel that something is missing out of my life," she said. Then she added another word, simply, unaffectedly. "The meeting helps me to realize God's power. The doctor may not say much about it definitely, but he makes you feel that *something* is there." She was Italian and Catholic. The doctor was American and Protestant. The meeting was at a public institution where the atmosphere must be neutral. But the young woman was helped to get deeper into a 'something' which she needed more than any medicine that could be prescribed.

Here is a man's story. Successive nervous breakdowns during his business years, culminating at last in a condition that took him away from business entirely; dissipations which finally he had given over; the withering effect of the death of his wife; and at last financial losses, with mounting fear that he might lose all his money—"or what would seem to be the loss of all to me." But as the investigation

was pursued it was difficult to hold him to such matters. What he wanted to talk about was religion and how to get himself a philosophy of life on which he could really feed his soul and from which he could get power to meet what he must meet in the daily struggle. The interviewer's business was psychology. Every time this man was approached he turned the discussion to religion.

That is the need which is found again and again in investigations of what lies back of, or accompanies, physical sickness: the need for a life in the soul which will make its possessor sufficient for anything—anything!—that may come.

"What have you got for a philosophy of life?" asks the psychological worker connected with a certain medical center, as he talks with the men and women who are referred from the medical clinic.

They hesitate and stammer and do not know just how to answer.

He changes the form of the question: "Have you got any religion?"

One answers, "I've given up going to church." Another says, "I go to the Methodist Church," or,

“the Catholic Church,” or, “I’m a Jew”—and would drop the matter there. Another says, “Oh, I’m very active in the church, getting up suppers, running entertainments, helping to raise money”—with never an intimation of looking at religion as anything more than a kind of club affair; never a suggestion of finding in it strength for the pains of life, stability in the setbacks of life, fresh impetus when the feet are weary, stimulus when the soul needs new invigoration.

The questioner tries to suggest that religion might mean something of that sort: that it might be the source of a new lustihood for the inner man. “Going to church,” he says, “is sometimes not much more than a kind of social life. Do you get from it any help for meeting your difficulties and not being crushed by them?”

“I believe in God.”

“Well, what does that mean to you? Does believing in God make you feel that you are linked up with a Life that you need, with a Strength that you can draw into yourself and which will make you sufficient for whatever may happen?”

Sometimes depths are then touched. It was a Jewish woman who said: "When Friday night comes we close our doors and light our candles and say our prayers and open our hearts. And then God comes in!" Her eyes filled as she spoke, and tears streamed down her face from the intensity of her emotion; and the noisy little consulting room on one side of a noisy corridor became for a moment the very house of God and the very gate of heaven.

There will be occasionally others who make it manifest that they have touched power. But too commonly religion, even when it is professed, seems to be thought of only as attendance at meetings, as connection with an organization, as doing what is called 'church work'; perhaps a vague hope somehow involved in the whole, but, for the immediate needs of the daily exigency, the soul practically starved. If there was need of a 'depth psychology' much more is there need of a depth religion, a religion which really avails to lead the straitened soul into conscious experience and enjoyment of God.

The soul that knows religion in such wise loses its feeling of having to struggle alone. Does it not

live and move and have its being in the Infinite and Eternal? It puts aside its dreads and fears. It lifts itself up into a mood of confidence in the universe and in life. It learns how to connect itself in a pregnant way with the divine energy by which it is surrounded and draws conscious vigor from the Source of all being. It not merely believes in God: it lays hold on a power not known before. It learns how to turn itself often to God, to live in awareness of God, to draw in wisdom from God, to give itself to be an expression of the spirit of God, and to rise to a new level of life as it maintains these conscious relations with God. Even simple souls can make of their religious life something like that. Sometimes they do it more successfully than those that consider themselves wise.

No one would think of calling a good surgeon cruel for making a wound and causing pain. Life is a surgeon. It wounds and turns the knife in the wound and administers no anesthetic. It cuts out almost the heart of us sometimes. But many of us never learn our most important and most emancipating lessons until we have been hurt. The sovereignty

of the soul: that is what life would teach. The power of the soul over the body is one of its corollaries.

The treatment of sick bodies needs to be linked up, much more than now it is, with conscious attention to sick souls; taking *soul* still in the comprehensive sense of that in a man which feels and thinks and wills and loves, and either makes or un-makes his life.

VII. DEALING HONORABLY WITH ONESELF

TALK WITH PEOPLE ABOUT THEIR PROBLEMS OF health, their personality difficulties, their maladjustment to life. Go into minute detail. Try to bring up from their hiding-places and to drag out into the open the painful memories, the dreads, the misunderstandings, the resentments, the rebellions, the forgotten experiences of youth, and the other dark things on which so much stress is necessarily laid, and then deal with them according to the best principles of modern psychology. You will no doubt help the people with whom you are working. But again and again you will find that that is not the end of the need. Again and again you will find that the people you are trying to help are feeling the want of an inner strength and sustenance that they have never yet known.

They are feeling it subconsciously if not consciously. For even if they have no recognized desire

for the light and power that intelligent religion can give, at any rate their inability to make reasonable adjustment to the discrepant demands of life shows their vast need of a nourishing and enlarging religious conviction.

Here is a strange thing. Many people who would think it shame to be called dishonorable are dealing dishonorably with themselves all the while. Not only in such matters as forcing offending foods into long-suffering stomachs, and keeping themselves over-stimulated with excitement, and starving themselves for sleep, and, more seriously, giving themselves over to habits of crooked thinking and mischievous emotional indulgence. Not only in such matters. But, far more seriously, they are dealing dishonorably with themselves by ignoring and neglecting that loftier possibility of their being, the spiritual essence within them, which is crying out for attention.

However far the human spirit may seek, however passionate its effort to find satisfaction, it is unable to find satisfaction perfectly in any offering—any

comfort, any pleasure, any companionship, or anything else—that is made by the world of merely physical experience.

It is only as the human being cries out 'yea' in answer to the spiritual appeal of the universe that he becomes truly a man. The soul of man never truly finds itself except as it listens to, and assents to, the call of the Divine in the universe.

Fellowship with God is every man's greatest need.

But many who thought they knew God have lost God, or well-nigh lost Him, out of their lives. And of all the woeful woes that can overtake man or woman the most woeful is the loss of God.

What shall the storm-driven struggler do? Shall he leave the fond beliefs of other days where they fell, forego for all future time the brave dreams and ecstatic confidence that once gave exalted meaning to existence, and surrender himself to live for the moment only? Shall he, choosing another course, try to salvage from the wreck what odds and ends may yet remain, content himself as best he can with those mere relics, set them up again on the same

doubtful sands, and make no effort to do more than that? no effort to attain intellectually and spiritually to something better than he had before?

There is another possibility. The struggler can seek for foundations on which to lift up a structure that will not topple into havoc when rains descend and floods come, and in which his soul shall find satisfaction and his mind also. He can search the earth. He can think hard. He can read books. He can pray: even if he can do no more than cry out, "O God—if there be a God," he can pray for light and for knowledge of the truth. He can hunt out the experiences of men and women who have found God in a robust and pregnant way, so that they have been able to live with a new vigor, and have felt themselves the recipients of veritable light and guidance from a Source greater than themselves, and have gone on a forward way upborne by a great confidence which flamed unquenchably within them.

As the plot of life thickens and intensifies the soul finds that mere knowledge of the name of God, and the habit of addressing God distantly and perfunctorily, are not enough for its abysmal needs.

The idea of religion that childhood can grasp is not enough for hard middle age, nor for the swift declining years of life. If a man does not have larger and wiser ideas about business when he is forty than he had when he was twelve his business is not likely to amount to much. A man whose general interests are no riper and richer at middle age than they were in his college days twenty-five years before, is felt to be not the man he ought to be, and to have missed the greater meanings and intenser joys of life.

If religion is to have any vitality and to be of any real help God must be changed from a doctrine, an item in a creed, a word without much of genuine comfort in it, a word which is even a terrifying word to some—God must be changed from that into a thought that gives confidence and delight, an experience that gives peace and power. The soul, if it is to be filled with strength, needs a touch with God which can be felt as individual and personal, actual and potent.

Without God—without the values and convictions for which the thought of God stands—there is no meaning to the world. Life, humanity, love,

the hunger of the heart, the yearning of the spirit, the desire to go on to fulfillment of what is felt to be at present merely a rudimentary experience and a hint of what might be—all this nothing more than the blind and meaningless result of a fortuitous reciprocation of atoms! All this an accident, and for many of those who experience it a most unhappy accident! Under such a belief the sting of suffering, though it may have some advantage for the progress of the race as a whole and in the long run, counts for nothing to the individual who has to endure it. He spends his days in pain, his life goes out in sorrow—and that is the end of the matter! Man, in that case, is of no more account than the ant that an unheeding foot crushes.

Here and there individual men can accept a philosophy as grim as that, but mankind as a whole has never been content to do so. There has been an instinctive feeling that an experience so tremendous as self-conscious life must have a meaning, and that the meaning must be one which will finally satisfy the spirit that feels, thinks, aspires, struggles, but never fully attains in its difficult threescore years

and ten. Exciting, tantalizing, challenging, life as humanity knows it must be tied up to something more than this present moment makes manifest. In all ages that has been felt.

To recover God if God has been lost, to know God as the confidence and inspiration of daily life, to have convincing and sustaining personal relations with God in the travail of the daily round: that is always man's greatest need and has been, for multitudes, the chief of his felt wants.

"I'm not a religious person, but I wish I were," suddenly exclaimed a woman to a friend with whom she was motoring; and she added, "I want it in my own life, and I want it for the children." Struggling, perplexed, dim-sighted, she wanted a realization of God that would make her strong for the daily effort, that would help her to find in life an immortal and satisfying meaning and purpose, and that would send her forth into all the ups and downs of experience with a quiet joy always deep in her innermost being. Doctrine she knew already. She wanted a religion that would give her vital relations with God. She wanted hope and courage and peace. She

wanted a more abundant kind of life than she was living. She knew by a true intuition—even if only vaguely and with a yearning she was not yet ready to heed—that those things are available to men and women who make utter confidence in God, and daily companionship with God, the habit of their lives.

One of the intrinsic functions of religion is to set the inner being free from cross-purposes. It puts the human spirit in tune with the Eternal Purpose. It brings the struggling individual's life into focus at the greatest and most creative point: at the thought of God as the Eternal Worker and Lover in whom a man can have fundamental confidence, and with whom he can so live in daily conscious companionship that he can take the hammering blows of life and not be cowed, and not be driven into final disaster.

The human personality craves fulfillment. It has a bias toward perfection. It finds no lasting satisfaction except as it develops the higher possibilities that are latent within it. That is one of the great facts of the universe. "We do not exist, except for the soul,"

wrote Balzac. Each man's task is to make his own soul more significant and more heroic, and, so far as he is able, to work for the same consummation in the men and women and children with whom he has dealings.

The amount of a man's outgrowing is a measure of his growing.

A great deal that goes by the name of thinking is nothing but parroting. Phrases are loved. People imagine that they have said something because they have repeated them.

Religion, if it is to be of any vital help to a man personally and also to be of any real power and influence in the world, must be lifted out of the realm of parroting.

A middle-aged woman who was in a serious condition nervously as well as physically was talking about her religious state. "The ministers when I was growing up didn't know how to give what I needed," she said. "Church socials and quilting parties and such things didn't feed me. You were considered a good church member if you did what was

called church work, but that didn't help me. My soul was starved: as starved and needy as my stomach is when I haven't had food." And the pity of it was that in spite of a lifelong churchly environment her religion had never become much more than a matter of parroting. She had never known God for herself, by personal experience.

That woman needed to get the habit of living consciously and confidently, eagerly and joyously, in the thought of the divine nearness and friendliness. "The eternal God is my dwelling-place, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms.—In Him I live and move and have my being.—I have chosen the companionship of God, and I am holding myself in that companionship: therefore I *have* that companionship.—I have given myself to God; I have invited the life and mind and spirit of God to enter into me and take control of my life, and I am trying to keep my whole being open to God: then I *am* in union with God. Feeling may not be present, but this is a matter of fact and not of feeling." With such thoughts she needed to live.

"If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
 If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
 If I take the wings of the morning,
 And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
 Even there shall thy hand lead me,
 And thy right hand shall hold me.
 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me,
 Then the night shall be light about me;
 Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
 But the night shineth as the day."

God above all things, God beneath all things, God round about all things, God in all places, God present at all times, God near under all circumstances, God interested in each individual at all times. That is the sublime and satisfying conception. You can not go so far as to get out of God's enfolding life; you can not be separated from God except by your own volition. No night so black, no abyss so deep, no pain so torturing, no mystery so baffling, that God is not there.—With such thoughts of God that woman needed to live.

Think what it would mean to live in such a confidence continually! Think of not merely saying, "I

will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," but really putting into practice those words of the Twenty-third Psalm and thereby getting rid of fear: fear of poverty, fear of sickness, fear of old age, fear of death, fear of any other experience. That does not mean that no evil will come. It means: "I will not be afraid of anything that may come, for God is with me and I am with God." It means what Mother Julian of Norwich understood when she heard the voice of God saying within her, "Thou shalt not be overcome." She explains carefully. "He said not, 'Thou shalt not be tempest, thou shalt not be travailed, thou shalt not be dis-eased'; but he said: 'Thou shalt not be overcome.'"

The individual who learns to think of his relations with God in this personal and intimate way, can find his religious life made over for him. It is no longer a saying of words. It is a conscious association of himself with the mind of God, the Spirit of God, the sustaining life of God. Religion, to Jesus Christ, was not a looking back to what had been said and thought and done: it was a life with a divine living Spirit in a living present, and a looking

forward to yet more of God that was to be discovered and experienced. The mission of Jesus was to bring God down out of the skies, and make him realized as near to the common man in his everyday life. It thundered, and to Jesus the majestic sound was the voice of God. A cloud overshadowed him, and that overshadowing contained the mystic presence of God. A sudden storm swooped down upon the frail boat in which he sailed the lake, and Jesus was so filled with a consciousness of the all-enfolding life of God that no fear could lay hold on him. His problems and soul-hungers drove him to prayer, and under the midnight stars on a lonely hillside his spirit met with God.

The deeper thought of religion goes with Jesus in that. It goes with Jesus in thinking of the Eternal Source of all things as a working God who is unceasingly active in His creation, an ingressive God, a God whose pervading presence and power are always the supreme facts to be reckoned with, a God who calls upon men and women to be fellow-workers with Him for the spiritual issues of life.

It is not merely belief in the fact of God that

gives power. Power comes from the kind of believing which lays hold with imperative hands on the active energy of God, and draws it in. You believe that that energy is here, round about you, all the while, available for your need. Then, even as by turning a switch you connect a machine with the electrical energy that is waiting to be drawn upon, so, consciously and resolutely, you invite the spiritual energy to come into you, to empower you, to make use of you. And then you find, some people in a sudden tumultuous experience, some by degrees and slowly, that you have new power to endure what life imposes, new ability to stand up and begin the struggle again even though you have failed many times, new strength to do your work whatever it is, new wisdom for life's crises, new perception of what is true and hopeful and best worth living for.

When a person reaches out after God with conscious intention, when he invites into himself the life and the directive influence of God, when he offers himself to be the agent and instrument of the Spirit of God, he has definitely done definite things.

Then he should believe that he really is in touch with God. He can say, as he walks along the street: "Where I am, there God is." He can say: "I am with God, God is with me." He can apply to himself the great words: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect in weakness."

There are people with whom such relations with God are a daily experience, and the number of them seems to be increasing.

For weeks, months, years, the struggle and search may go on. But at last out of it can come relations with God more intense and more sure, more exultant and more fruitful, than ever were known before the first house of the soul toppled over into ruins. Religion becomes then an authoritative experience, an energetic confidence, a sustained companionship, an extinction of fear, a richly enjoyed preoccupation, a daily absorption of power, a profound sense of union with the Soul of All Things.

When God is thus known and experienced the soul finds itself possessed of a new stability. It finds itself possessed also of at least the whisperings of that dazzling word which leaps out at one's eyes

again and again in the loveliest of Paul's epistles. "Rejoice!" says the apostle. Time after time he says it to his Philippian friends. And at last, as one reads, comes the perception that that is what religion ought to stand for all the while. It should stand for a rejoicing. No matter how hard the facts of life may be the man who knows God rightly can have deep within him always a quiet joy.

Saint Paul's triumphant utterance has nothing in common with the glib "Oh, cheer up!" of current slang. When, in the midst of a very inferno of perplexity and anguish, a struggling man is airily bidden to "cheer up!" he resents it. The words are so shallow, so flat and unfeeling.

It would be like that if Paul had merely said "Rejoice!" and stopped there. "How *can* I rejoice?" the struggler retorts; "I would rejoice if I could get free from my troubles, but I can't. A man can't rejoice when he's in hell." But Paul answers: "I didn't say *Rejoice*, and leave off with that. You haven't read far enough. I said, *Rejoice in the Lord!*" . . . But my beloved plans have been smashed to smithereens.—"Rejoice in the Lord!" . . . But I

don't know how I am going to find money to live on.—“Rejoice in the Lord!” . . . But my heart's treasure has been ravished away from me.—“Rejoice in the Lord!” . . . But I am racked with sickness and pain.—“Rejoice in the Lord!” . . . But . . . but . . . —“Rejoice in the Lord!”

That is a very different matter from rejoicing because of prosperity, or because of good health, or because of the world's praise, or because problems are being solved, or because love and tenderness are the daily food of life. The Pauline rejoicing is because of personal relations with, and profound confidence in, the everlasting God from whom all things derive, in whom all things are safe, in whom you and your concerns are safe.

What should be the soul's relations to God? Only a vague hope, held precariously and under suspicion?

They should be a shout of triumph. “I *am* God's,” the soul should cry; “I *am* his! If I want Him, He wants me.” It reflects, and with reflection it sees its position more clearly. “What is it that I hold really as the deepest longing of my life? It is that I may know God and live as the friend of God.

Then I *am* God's. In spite of all my weakness, all my failure, all my errancy, all my ignorance of how to think of God rightly—in spite of all such things I have given myself to God and therefore I belong to God. I will live in the thought of it. I will be glad in the fact of it. I will be strong in the power of it. Exult, O dust and ashes!"

Thus you take a stand which turns daily living into heroic adventure with God; and you do it in profound conviction that the universe does not offer betrayal, but that the Soul of All Things is to be trusted.

God requires the spirit of man to be adventurous. Religion is the adventure of the spirit.

Great attainment calls for daring always.

A man, then, must dare. He must dare to live for those heroic spiritual surmises which give noblest meaning and most sovereign value to human existence. He must dare to believe the greatest things the mind of humanity has ever been able to think.

The person who wants to know God as a power and a joy in his life, the greatest joy and the ever-

renewed power, must go at it deliberately and with method.

He must cultivate desire first of all.

Then he must study to find how that desire can be satisfied. He will want to know something about what has been done by great souls in the past, and something about what is being done by hungry souls in the present, to get into closer relations with God. There is immeasurable value in the actual experiences of real people. If other men have learned how to enter into energetic and sustaining relations with God, why should not we? If other men, living in a day of religious unrest, are nevertheless able to find dynamic reality in religion, definite help in religion for the daily struggle, animating courage and power in religion, why should not we?

There are books, books old and books very new, which give help. Some are by famous men and women of the past, and others by profound students of the spiritual life who are living now. A good book to start with is *The Practice of the Presence of God*, which records some of the words of that Brother Lawrence who, in all the noise and clatter of the

kitchen of the Barefooted Carmelites at Paris, with workers all about him at the same time calling for different things, kept his mind and soul continually in awareness of God, continually calm and peaceful and filled with joy. The little book can be bought for fifteen cents, and is rich in practical wisdom with regard to the cultivation of personal religion. Then, having made this beginning, you search for more. If you are really in earnest about the matter you will find that one book leads to another. Perhaps you will read many books of this kind. Perhaps, on the other hand, you will find that you can help yourself best by confining yourself to only one or two really important and especially significant books, and working out your own plan by their aid.

That is fundamental—the working out of your own plan for self-development. A great thought must be lived with, and put into continual practice, if it is to have creative and constructive power. As you find out something about the methods others have used or are using you adapt them to your own situation. No particular method or plan is suited for

all people. Each individual must lay hold on the books and the methods that are best suited to his own mind and his particular needs.

The greatest of the books that feed and educate the spirit is, by common consent, the Bible. But opening the Bible and reading a bit here, there, or anywhere, indiscriminately and blindly, is not enough. There is a Bible within the Bible, and as you read year after year, and one by one pick out and lay hold on the noble verses that make up that Bible within the Bible, little by little you find your mind becoming stored with great thoughts to live with—vigorous, inspiriting, creative, transforming thoughts.

There is much in the Bible that is not interesting to the ordinary reader of to-day, much that does not touch his life in any way, much that is not easy either to read or to understand if it is read. But all the way through from Genesis to Revelation there are sometimes sentences, sometimes long passages, which give utterance to the sublimest thoughts and visions that have ever come to the mind and soul of man.

If the sentences which are most luminous, most lofty in their vision and most sublime in their suggestiveness, be underscored or be copied into a notebook or upon library cards, at the end of your work you will have a *vade mecum* which will offer enlargement to the soul always, wherever it may be opened. They flash and glow, those greatest words! They summon to heroic adventure in the highest realm of all, the realm of spirit. To live with littleness when one might live with greatness is to make oneself deliberately an inferior person. The lifting up of life, and of life's value, comes from the habit of keeping company habitually with illustrious thoughts. The Bible within the Bible offers the noblest, the most creative, the most hopeful, the most reasonable thoughts that have ever been given to the world on the subject of the soul, and the life it can live, and what it can yet look forward to.

To lay hold on great thoughts, brave aspirations, and high communings is one reason for going to church. Church services do not always rise to their highest function. They sometimes put trivialities where magnitudes ought to be. Even so, however,

there will almost always be something at a church service—some word from the Bible, some line from a hymn, and very likely also some word in prayer or sermon—which can be picked out and dwelt upon for the soul's strengthening.

People say that it is not necessary to go to church in order to be religious. And that is true. Religion is a bigger, more profound, more subtle matter than going to meetings. One can be a regular church attendant and have in him very little of the real substance of religion: very little of religion as it was thought of and exemplified by Jesus Christ. And there are people who, though quite aloof from organized religion, have in them the very essence of spiritual life as it has been manifested by its great exponents. But the fact still remains that people who refuse to cultivate active relations with the church are less likely to live the religious life than those who do cultivate such relations. Just as people go to concerts or to art galleries or to displays of great inventions in order to stimulate their undeveloped aptitudes, so those who desire to stimulate their spiritual potentialities go to church.

The affirmation that life is ultimately a spiritual matter, and that even here and now the higher experience of life is attained only as one makes it his business to think and feel and act in fellowship with God, is the very gist of religion.

That understanding of the spiritual meaning of life is helped by the kind of reading that has been referred to, and by active connection with the church.

It is helped also by prayer.

But prayer must be looked upon as a bigger matter than asking for things. The ordinary conception of prayer is that it is a kind of magic by which the Almighty may be swayed. As an old lady expressed it one day: "We have been taught that God always answers prayer—like presenting a check at the bank." Prayer is not a magic for bringing this or that which is desired. Petition comes naturally to the lips, because our human wants are always crying out for satisfaction, our problems for solution. But petition is not the important function of prayer. Prayer is realized in its greater way when it helps the praying individual to know God, to be conscious

of the ever-presence of God, to discern the mind of God, to think the thoughts of God, to love with the love of God, to live as the agent and instrument of God for working out the ideas of God both in the world at large and in one's own life.

If God is to be vitally lived with it must be on the basis of some other belief than that He is an easy solution of the problems of life. The man who believes has still to suffer; the man who prays has still to strive.

Stories of miraculous answers to prayer are always in demand, and people who tell of rapt ecstasy or wondrous visions are envied. But men and women who report such things are not the ones to be most envied. The most enviable are those who have learned to live always in the steadying consciousness of the enfolding presence of the everlasting Giver of Life and Lover of the Soul. Prayer is something greater than an effort to take the snags out of life by wheedling the Infinite and Eternal. It is the soul's reaching out after strengthening and exalting relations with the Infinite and Eternal. To have God is of greater importance than to have any of the

things that God might specifically send. As the biologist George Romanes phrased it, after he had lost God and then found him again, "There is a vacuum in the soul which nothing can fill but God."

A Roman Catholic woman was being interviewed with regard to the problems that troubled her mind. Before the conference ended she was asked whether she had any foundation on which to build a kind of life inwardly that would enable her to make her spirit victorious in spite of outward difficulty. "Do you go to church?" she was asked. Yes, she said, every Sunday. She was told that going to church on Sunday may not necessarily count for a great deal, and was asked if she got anything else out of her religion. "I love to go into the church during the week," she said, "and just sit there and commune." It was an impressive answer.

That goes to the heart of the idea of prayer. Is it to be supposed that Jesus, when he went out alone into the mountain and "continued all night in prayer to God," spent all those hours importuning God to grant the desires that were surging in his heart? His prayer was more than that. It was the response to a great inner urge. It was something inevit-

able. He *had* to seek communion with God. He *must* lay hold on the strength, the peace, the wisdom, the light, the power, the joy, the life, that could be found in the Infinite and Eternal, and there alone.

What is it that you need more than anything else in the world? Not money, though you may need that badly enough. Not health, though the daily struggle may be very hard indeed. Not relief from present conditions, though you may not be able to see your way ten days ahead.

What you need most of all is strength to take the blows of life and not be bowled over, strength to endure the frailties of the flesh and do it sturdily, strength to meet the challenge of life and not be afraid, strength to look frustration and disappointment and poverty and grief and all such things straight in the face and not flinch—strength to take life as it comes, with all its hardships, and still go on with confidence in the final outcome. And you need wisdom and light: light for picking out your path day by day, wisdom for dealing with the perplexing challenge that any day may present.

That is the kind of help that comes from prayer.

You want your way made easy: as you pray you get ability to make your soul triumphant over circumstances. You want to be set free from handicaps: as you commune with God you learn how it is possible, when you are weak, even then to be strong, and possibly thereby to turn handicaps into helps. You want the granting of your petitions: through prayer and meditation you are led to understand that what is more important is that you should learn to co-operate with the laws of the universe in order that you may be fitted to go on as a free spirit into the great future that the universe offers. You want light and wisdom: you pray, and you find light and wisdom stealing into your mind, and may also find your way strangely opening and yourself led where you had not thought to be.

Such a looking to God does not lead to passivity. It leads to intensest effort and action. It leads to search for the right kind of action, such action as shall prove to be veritable co-operation with God: but action at all cost, even at the cost of making mistakes. For though harmony with God is the aim of life there is imposed upon man the necessity of

developing his own powers, and, by trial and error, learning what *is* harmony with God. Every man is compelled to make decisions and to choose a path. This is necessary in order that man, as an intellectual and spiritual being, shall develop into intellectual and spiritual adulthood.

The world adores success. But what is success?

To develop the soul in greatness: that is success. To build up a personality of value, a personality that is brave and pure and true and beautiful and strong and godlike: that is success. To choose the highest for one's aim, and to be true to the great aspiration through all the stress and strain of life: that is success. An ambition that is never satisfied with what has thus far been attained but strives on for a still greater fulfillment of life: that is success.

The rank and file of us may never do anything that the world takes notice of, but we make ourselves of value if we live sincerely, think and speak truly, do our bit bravely and well, and lay the emphasis of our living upon the values that have permanence: the permanence for which God stands.

For what is life? To know God and to have fellowship with God: that is life. Nothing else is life. Other things contribute to life, but true and final life has not come until there is vital connection with God.

VIII. THE TASK OF LIFE

VERY FEW PEOPLE, OUT OF ALL THOSE WHO MAKE up earth's millions, will ever have *Who's Who?* clamoring for a brief outline of their career. Most of us could be listed only in the pages of the great *Book of the Average*—a volume which is not printed as yet. But though no immortal book bear your name on its title-page, though no scourge that desolates the earth be conquered by your science, though the great foundations that you would like to found go unfounded because you have no fortune, though your dreams and longings and plans be thwarted by the adverse happenings of life and you are a small person instead of a great—though all these things be true, there is yet one supremely important thing that you can do for the world.

You can grow a soul.

If this book has kept returning, again and again, to the soul and its life, it is because that is funda-

mental. It is what psychology, at rock bottom, has to do with, as well as religion: taking *soul* still as not merely a mysterious essence that can go on into further experience in life that is yet to be, but also in its larger and inclusive sense as that part of a man which thinks and feels, judges and wills, loves, aspires, and is capable of living even now in direct daily relations with God. Psychology is the study of the soul. That is what the word means. Religion is the training of the soul's deepest life.

What goes on in the soul is, at the last, that which determines the real success or failure, happiness or unhappiness, of life. The world of physical environment is only part of the world in which one lives, and the lesser part. The world of thought and emotion, interest and desire, imagination and choice, inner companionship and spiritual communion—that is even more definitely one's world. Why not, then, make it a world in which life can be lived wholesomely and with satisfaction?

For a long while there has been a large indifference to the state of the soul. Perhaps rather particularly so in the last fifty years. The world-wide

preoccupation is with the making of money, the reconstruction of society and the state, the health of the body; it is with science, invention, new development, the conquest of disease, the conquest of poverty, the conquest of space; it is with revolution, war, disorder, the strife between classes, the building of new economic systems; it is with amusement and sport, with anything that can startle, shock, excite, divert, kill time.

And everywhere starved souls are pitifully crying out for a satisfaction which they have not found. Some that have not been religious are conscious of the need of religion. Many that have called themselves religious are in quest of a sense of reality, a depth and vitality of experience, that they have never yet gained from religion.

The science which disregards the fact that man is a physiopsychical organism and undertakes to deal with him as merely a physiochemical organism shuts itself down to only a part of man. The larger view of the human complexus is that it is a dichotomy, a partnership of material and immaterial. The kind of life that exists in the soul can make or un-

make the health of the whole being. If the body is sick life can still be lived wholesomely and happily provided the soul is strong and healthy; but it can not be lived wholesomely and happily if the soul is sick. Body affects soul, and soul affects body; but unless the brain itself is diseased and the soul therefore hampered for expression, the soul can determine what life shall really be if you will have it so.

Life's most urgent task is the growing of a soul. Life's noblest concern is the concern for souls. The greatest art in the world is the art of helping souls to grow. The service most needed by men and women everywhere is service to the inward living spirit that pants for life more true and more satisfying than it has ever yet experienced.

The world acclaims as its artists the men and women who paint pictures or write music or bestow glorious architecture upon the waiting ages; but the greatest artist is the person who works greatly with souls. And if it is his own soul that a man is trying to mold into grandeur he is just as much a creative artist as when he is working with the souls of other folk.

We come into the world as potentialities. There is in each one the potentiality of a soul. But like every other great achievement, the actual development of a soul is the result of effort. A man no more grows a soul without attention, and practice, and sustained discipline, and cutting loose from things that hinder the needed growth, than he becomes a great inventor or statesman or musician or poet without making himself lean for years—in Dante's vigorous phrase.

A soul is grown, just as a body is grown, by giving it food and exercise.

The physical athlete develops his body by pitting himself against some antagonist that calls for the taxing of his powers. He leaps hurdles, he strikes a bag that strikes back at him, he wrestles with a man of mighty muscles, he runs against runners whom it is hard to beat. Thus he gets training.

The circumstances of daily life provide the soul with the exercise and training that it needs. The clash of temperaments, the oppositions and rebuffs that must every day be encountered, the disappoint-

ments and failures that are sure to come: such things give the soul continual exercise. And disciplines of that kind are without number. The call to submit to misunderstanding and ingratitude, to practice self-restraint and patience, to suffer humiliation and yet not become soured, to meet with failure and yet not become a defeated spirit, to make hard adjustment to hard conditions, to work for a change in circumstances and at the same time to accept what can not be changed, to engage in unselfish undertakings for the world at large and for individuals, to set up great ideals and endeavor to turn them into actuality, to strive forward after every reverse, to live heroically in the dull everyday commonplaceness—these are a few more of those disciplines that are without number.

But the soul must have food as well as exercise.

It is easy to copy what is round about one all the while, and that is a constant temptation. But to indulge in littleness is to undermine and degrade the soul, while on the other hand great aspirations, great thoughts, great enthusiasms, great companionships lead to the enlargement of the soul and to lovelier and more worthwhile life.

"She does not allow herself to have any clog to her soul," said the writer of a letter with reference to a friend. The phrase was arresting. What kind of things clog the soul? Resentment clogs the soul. Bitterness clogs the soul. Immersion in purely materialistic life clogs the soul. Egoism clogs the soul. Failure to make use of spiritual resources clogs the soul. Many other things clog the soul.

But intercourse with greatness sets the soul free and helps it to expand. That intercourse can be found in nature: in the marvels of the earth, the mysteries of the sky, the immensities of far-distant blazing suns and the amazing disclosures of the infinitesimally small. It can be found in science, if you will let your disciplined imagination travel the amazing roads that science is opening toward truer knowledge of the universe, and therefore of God and his ways. In noble art it can be found, and in the truly wise books. It can be found in the words and deeds of men and women whom sometimes you meet. And above all is it to be found in companionship, deliberate and eager and sustained, with God.

The story of life in the world is a story of ceaseless upward reaching, upward striving. Life must be

always moving on to something better than has been, something higher. When you come to the self-conscious life of man the same principle holds. As fire goes upward, so the spirit of man. On the stone monuments of ancient Egypt, on the clay tablets of once mighty Babylon, in the sacred books of the Parsis, on the frayed palm-leaves of immemorial India, in the records of hoary China, in the prayers of the aboriginal Aztecs and Navajos and Omahas of the American continent—in such places as these and others like them is to be found testimony of rich experience with God. The Infinite and Eternal is a universal Father, and everywhere the soul of man has aspired to him in some wise. The pressure of God upon humanity takes place everywhere, and everywhere those who desire God find themselves able to enter into relations with him.

That instinct to strive upward is inwrought in the depths of man's being, and man really lives only as he yields to the instinct, engages in the upward striving, and unites himself in thought and desire and effort consciously with the highest that the universe can hold.

The highest that the universe can hold is God. And it is the final meaning of life that a man can verily lift himself up in mind and spirit and live every day in conscious association and co-operation with God. So he finds his way to clear and constructive thinking, to brave action, and to hopeful and vital living.

Awareness of God can become the soul's habitual state. And this can be so while a man is living in the very thick of busy affairs.

Religion, when followed for the strength it can afford, is a dealing with depths. The depths of God are available for the deeps in man. Man finds himself in proportion as he keeps his deeps in vital touch with the divine depths.

What is religion? Or, to put it in the personal way in which the matter comes home to each one of us, what is it to be religious?

To be religious, many people think, is to believe certain things. To be religious, others think, is to keep certain moral laws and to engage in certain rites and ceremonies. To be religious, according to

the popular point of view, is to 'go to church' and to 'do church work.' And the result of these mechanistic and inadequate conceptions of religion is that on all sides you see people struggling heroically on through long years to do what they look upon as their religious duty, and never finding any of the splendid joy and sustaining peace that ought to possess the man who is living with God as the Source and supreme Companion of the human spirit. You see people regarding themselves as not religious because they do not find satisfaction in the rites that the church establishes. You see other people, and many of them, turning away from religion entirely.

Religion is the effort to live in companionship with God, and whatever represents God. It is not primarily belief; it is comradeship. It is not in the first place the practice of duty; it is the practice of the presence of God, in Brother Lawrence's expressive phrase. It is not a medicine that is good for life; it is rather the very food of life. It is something to be taken passionately. It is a conscious and eager and gladsome personal relationship, in both the

great and the little things of daily life, with an infinite and eternal personal Friend who is the very heart and soul of the universe.

Religion is friendship.

It is friendship with God, and with what God stands for. It is a friendship that has all the ardor, all the passion, all the eagerness, all the transforming power, of human friendship; and all of those lifted up to their highest energy because it is friendship with the Highest in the universe. Life can scarcely be thought of as endurable without friendship. Religion is the greatest and most needed friendship of all.

That, however, requires that the word be used not in the ordinary loose and casual way, but in its greater and deeper sense.

Used in that profounder sense the word brings up at once certain ideas to the mind. It brings up the idea of admiration: there is something in your friend that causes you to look at him with agreement and desire. It brings up the idea of enjoyment: you long to be in the company of your friend. It brings up the idea of common interests: unless you are in-

terested in the things your friend is concerned about, and he is interested in the things that affect you, happy companionship can not last for long. It brings up the idea of confidence: you must believe that your friend desires what is for your best interest, or just in that place there will be a holding back of heart from heart, of life from life. And friendship of the profounder kind brings up also the idea of imitation: people who love each other much, and are much together, grow to be like each other.

Religion is friendship with God in just such ways as those.

When religion is thought of as friendship with God the practice of it stands for certain deliberate efforts. When you are trying to make a new friend you seek him out: you make it your business to plumb his mind so that you may know how he thinks about this, that, and the other. You adjust your mind to new ideas, your life to new ways. Your life, because of your friend, comes into a new and richer and more vivid enjoyment. And all the while the thought of him, the consciousness of his answering love and interest and loyalty, the knowledge

that he delights to be with you just as you delight to be with him—these lift up your life every day.

In those same ways is friendship with God cultivated, and one's life changed by reason of that friendship.

While it is important to ask what God has meant to human souls and to human progress once upon a time, in great days of the past, it is more important to ask what God can mean to individual souls, and to the world at large, now, to-day, in this living present. To-day, no less than in any past time, the habit of living consciously with God can give strength for enduring what has to be endured, energy for going forward when the going is hard, further insight into that which is true and desirable, wisdom for the planning of one's ways and the choosing of one's path, and inspiration for the heroic and victorious living of life. God has not been any nearer to human souls in any former age than He is now to those who desire Him.

Sometimes in one's reading nuggets of pure gold will suddenly flash upon the eye in the midst of

what is otherwise barrenness, or nearly so. A while ago, when reading the Song of Deborah and Barak, that barbaric ancient outburst of bloody exultation after the slaughter of a foe, the experience came. I had read the passage before, and had even marked sentences in it, but had not taken notice of the words which now glittered before my eyes. Probably I was not ready for the thought at that former time. But now I was, and here were nuggets of gleaming gold: first two small-size nuggets, then a very large nugget indeed.

Mixed in with words of purely ancient and local significance you read this—using the English Revision of 1884:

“By the watercourses of Reuben
There were great searchings of heart.”

Oh, those searchings of heart! How painful they can be!

“By the watercourses of Reuben
There were great resolves of heart.”

Yes, great resolves! But can they be carried out?

“O my soul, march on with strength!”

That is magnificent, that last.

Problems stand in your path like dreadful giants, threatening disaster: *March on, my soul, with strength!*

Perhaps your money will give out, and what then? *March on, my soul, with strength!*

Life is not turning out as you eagerly hoped when you made your beloved plans, and disappointment has been your lot time after dreary time: *March on, my soul, with strength!*

Pains, weaknesses, handicaps, oppositions of fortune—such things heaped one upon another and continuing year after year: *March on, my soul, with strength!*

You have longed and struggled for many decades to bring your life to some kind of success in the world, and again and again have had your ambitions torn to tatters until you are sick of the struggle and are tempted to think that after all there is nothing to hope for: *March on, my soul, with strength!*

What the world calls success is possible for only a few. But there is one kind of achievement that is open to every individual. That is to make the soul

victorious, whatever comes. *O my soul, march on with strength!*

Let a person cultivate that mood and he begins to build a self that can be lived with lustily and wholesomely.

THE END







THE AUTHOR

Winfred Rhoades was born on a farm in Middlebury, Conn., the son of an officer of the United States Navy. During a large part of his childhood and youth he lived either in or near New York City. Before and during college days he carried a special department for the New York Tribune. After he graduated from Columbia University and the Hartford Theological Seminary he served as head of an academy in northwest Nebraska for two years. He went from there to Boston as pastor of the Eliot Congregational Church. A serious physical breakdown made it necessary for him to spend several years either in bed or practically so, the illness lasting altogether more than twenty years. When he was once more able to work his chief desire was "to pass along to other suffering and struggling people some of the things I had learned in the hard and long school of personal sickness," and his previous knowledge of psychology and psychiatry was supplemented by further intensive study. The Boston Dispensary unit of the New England Medical Centre provided the opening that he desired, and for several years he has been doing personality work there, partly in individual conferences and partly in classes in thought control. His articles have appeared in such magazines as Forum.

Reflections

From

THE SELF You Have to LIVE WITH

"The question for every person to ask himself is this: 'What kind of a world am I building for myself by the thoughts I think and the emotions I encourage?'"

"Life's greatest achievement is the continual remaking of yourself so that at last you do know how to live."

"Hold in mind unceasingly the thought that there is a spiritual food by which an exhausted body and disheartened spirit can be renewed, and feed yourself on that spiritual food just as you feed regularly on physical food."

"The human spirit is meant for victory."

"The free man is not the one who can proudly boast that he has never been in bondage to any person. The free man is the one who can say that he is not in bondage to himself: to his desires, his appetites, his comforts, his prejudices, his self-importance, his fears, his tempers, his self-pityings, his habits of worry, his perversions of any other kind."

"Courage is an item in one's self-respect."

"Hoist the banners of the spirit unconquerable and keep them flying at your masthead however fierce the battle of life."

"Cultivate the art of conscious thought-direction. You can aim your thoughts as you aim your steps. Therefore do it. Aim your thoughts at loveliness of personality, greatness of spirit, wholesomeness of body, friendliness, happiness."

"Religion is intrinsically not a belief, not a doctrine, not the practice of certain acts; but conscious association with the divine Spirit and Life."

"It is not pleasant to see oneself as personally responsible for the evils from which one suffers. Just that, however, just that insight and acknowledgment, may be the first step toward getting free from those evils."

"Great attainment calls for daring always."

"Take life as an adventure, and so set yourself free from both self-pity and fear."

"God requires the spirit of man to be adventurous. Religion is the adventure of the spirit."

"Body and mind react one upon the other. But the state of the mind is a more critical matter for the living of life than the state of the body."

"Every man has a kingdom. Your kingdom is your own inner being, the kingdom of mind and soul. You can fill that kingdom with thoughts and emotions which fight with one another and with your finer self, or with thoughts and emotions which work together for the fulfillment of your greater possibilities."

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